

The FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF
GUY *Earl of Warwick.*

Written by Samuel Rowland.



L O N D O N,

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On Guy of Warwick's
TRANSACTIONS.

IF Martial Acts to hear you are inclin'd,
Or if with Stories you'd divert your Mind,
Here is a British Hero, called GUY,
Presents a Mirrour suited to the Eye;
Wherein you cannot miss of your Desire,
If either of those Subjects you require:
Of Manly Strength was Guy at Twelve Years old,
To pitch the Barr or wrestle, we are told;
And so to Nobler Actions did advance,
Dunmore's wild-Cow he kill'd, and then in France
The bravest Gallic Knights he made to yield,
And in all Noble Actions won the Field;
Then back to his Beloved Phillis came:
His Courtship to renew, but yet more Fame
Must still be got, and then the Almains Power
By noble Guy was baffled o're and o're.
The Giant Colbron, conquer'd by his Arm,
He made to join with him in this their harm:
The pois'nous Dragon beat the Lion clear,
Guy views the Combat, Colbron quakes for fear:

On Guy's Transactions.

*Pleas'd with the Object, Guy took th' Lion's part,
And pierc'd this monstrous poison'd Dragons Heart.
But see the grateful Temper of this Beast,
He follow'd Guy till Hunger him oppress :
The Christian Army, led by Valiant Guy,
Were quickly routed, slaughter'd, and made fly.
Earl Terry and his Lady he set free,
Slaughter'd, and made the fifteen Russians flee ;
All Otton's Leaders ran when Guy came near,
But Otton's self did lose his Life most dear.
King Athelstan of Guy's Return did hear,
Invites and Feasts brave Guy, then tells the Fear
And Dread of all his Northern Subjects Ill ;
But Guy the monstrous Dragon soon did kill ;
Marry'd fair Phillis, Warwick's Earl is made,
Turns Pilgrim, but returns when Danes invade
England ; when he their Champion Giant slew,
To's Cell returns ; so bids the World adieu.*

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The Famous
H I S T O R Y
 O F
GUY Earl of Warwick.

C A N T. I .

*In Youthful Years the Valiant noble GUY
 His Phillis loves, the Pleasure of his Eye.*

A Knight call'd Guy, a worthy English-man,
 In Warwick, with the World's Applause began
 To be a Man of admirable Note,
 Who (as 'tis said) was clad in Iron Coat;
 Such was his Valour he grew famous by,
 That Pagans trembl'd at the name of Guy.
 This Man was full of Courage, and of Sp'rite,
 To fight with Giants was his great delight:
 Of bold Adventures, and of great Design;
 Did search the Caves, where Monsters undermine;
 Wild Beasts, or Boars he'd meet for bloody fray,
 Or combat with a Dragon by the way.
 Yet e're he did inure himself to Arms,
 Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce Alarms,
 He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,
 The Victory of such a Prize to prove,
 All ancient Times before did ne're enjoy
 A sweeter Face than lost old Priam's Troy;

Fair *Phillis*, equal match to *Cupid's* Mother,
 All spacious *Britain* had not such another:
 A curious Creature, was the Kingdom's Pride
 For charming Beauty and good Parts beside.
 'Twixt her and *Venus* no great odds were known,
 But *Venus* had a Mole, and *Phillis* none ;
 For most directly she had *Venus* Hair,
 Her Cheeks of Roses, mixt with Lillies fair ;
 The same high Forehead, and attractive Eye,
 Her very Lips of perfect Coral dye ;
 Ivory Teeth, a curious Dimple Chin,
 A soft, smooth, pleasing and white Milky Skin,
 With all Perfections made a peerless Creature
 Mirror of Comeliness and finest Feature ;
 From Head to Foot she had them ev'ry one,
 An English *Phoenix*, fair Supream alone,
 Her wond'ring Peoples Censures thus wou'd Grace,
 Beauty is no where but in *Phillis* Face ;
 In *Phillis* Face (this Pleasure of his Sight)
 From whence always *Guy's* Eyes attract delight,
 There looks of Love, there glances of Disdain,
 From thence anon his Heart was struck with Pain ;
 One while her Smiles did give Encouragement,
 Another time stern Looks work Discontent :
 Thus on Loves Billows toss'd by Storms of Terror
 Resolving Love, yet finding Love in Error ;
 'Twixt pleasant Calm, and sudden furious Blast,
 In Freedom chain'd, in Liberty bound fast ;
 He sighs, that Fortune doth so strangely deal
 To give a Wound which Beauty will not heal.
 That Beauty will not heal ! (quoth he) fond Man,
 By Looks to know a Woman's Heart who can ?
 And look on her is only all I do,
 Whereby thou wrong'st thy self and Goddess too ;
 Another Course I'll steer more resolute,
 And speak and write my bravest Meaning out :

But

Guy Earl of Warwick.

7

But if I shou'd do so, what hopes have I?
 For she's Earl *Roband's* Heir, and born too high }
 To condescend to thy Designs, poor *Guy*!
 Tho' I a Gentleman am born, 'tis known,
 Earldoms I have not, and have Lordship's none.
 O! Women are Ambitious beyond measure,
 They often match more for this Worldly Treasure
 Than any other Cause of Love beside,
 So much they mount upon the Wings of Pride ;
 Which makes some wish there rather were no Gold,
 Than Love shou'd be for it so bought and sold.
 If she is such (for not be such is rare)
 I enter then a Labyrinth of Care,
 And strive against both Tide and Wind to fail,
 Whilst neither Words, nor Sighs, nor Tears prevail,
 With *Sisyphus* the restless Stone I roul,
 And heap continual Torments on my Soul.
 If whilst I try to fly with waxen Wings
 Where *Phæbus* Chariot burns, in Childish Things, }
 As Love, I waste my Hours, for Shame it brings.
 Rejected and despis'd, in base Esteem
 To th' envious World no better I shall seem.
 But cease, Loves Coward, banish Thoughts of Fear,
Phillis of course a loving Heart must bear:
 If *Cupid*, who shoots Darts of Love, befriend thee,
 Be resolute, Success will then attend thee.
 Reason, 'tis not *Cupid* shou'd prove thy Foe,
 Because thou lov'st his Mothers Picture so.
 I now resolve to go to *Phillis* Bower,
 And her intreat to love in that same Hour,
 And with kind Pitty all my Sorrows shield,
 With wounded Heart as true as Flesh can yield,
 Beg she'l look on me with remorse of Mind,
 Who only hold my Life as she's inclin'd.
 This said, to *Warwick* Castle he repairs,
 Earl *Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares

With Hunting Sports to have him entertain'd;
 Where the Rich Jewel of his Heart remain'd ;
 But unto Sports unwilling Ear he lends,
 And sudden Sicknes in excuse pretends.
 The Earl much troubl'd at this Alteration,
 Sent his Physician for his Preservation,
 Who told sick *Guy*, that present letting Blood,
 Wou'd be the only thing could do him good ;
 For why, his sickly Body he was sure,
 Was difficult, and very hard to cure.
 Doctor (quoth he) 'tis true, I know as much,
 But there's a Flower, which if I could but touch,
 Wou'd heal me better than your Physick's skill,
 Altho' I know I am extreemly ill ;
 That Flower is called by a pleasing Name,
 And *Felix* soundeth somewhat near the same.
 Then quoth the Doctor, Sir, I know it not.
Guy said, 'twas in that Castle to be got :
 Tho' he in Herbal had not found such Flower,
 It grew (*Guy* said) not far from such a Tower ;
 And it I'll find my self : Doctor refrain,
Galen ne're had that Art to cure this Pain.
 Left in this Passion his hard Fate to moan,
 In a delightful Garden all-alone,
 As by a Window he did sighing lie,
 The Caufer of his Sorrows he did 'spy ;
 Which to his Heart did much rejoycing bring,
 Fear was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.
 Now is the time (quoth *Guy*) good Fortunes Sun
 To shine upon my Love has here begun,
 And on my Troubles and my gloomy Cares
 I now may boldly ask how well she fares.
 Now will I enter into yonder Shade,
 To court the World's admired beauteous Maid.
Phyllis I come, assist me *Cupid* now,
 I never went a wooing, teach me how
 Good Action, with good Speech, I may bestow ;

But

But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,
That she believe when I protest I love her.
With speed unto the Garden then he goes,
And in a curious Arbor of repose,
There one of *Phillis* Damsels let him in,
Where he with *Phillis* fair did thus begin :

Fairest (quoth he) of all the Works in Nature,
More wonderful than Earth can yield a Creature ;
Your Equal never breath'd this common Air,
For every part of you is charming fair :
Immortal Creature ! of Celestial Frame !
Eternal Honour still attend thy Name.

I come to thee about a loving Suit,
In hopes to reap thereby more lovely Fruit
Than Mars obtain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith.

'Tis only Love I here present you with ;

'Tis only Love must give my Mind content,

'Tis only Love that I with Heart present :

Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble Motion,

Regard my Life, that rests at your Devotion ;

Compassionate the Grief that I endure,

With Pity take my dying Heart in cure :

O ! let it not in groaning Torment swell,

And break in twain because it loves thee well :

Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,

But neither King nor Prince can love thee more

Than doth poor Guy, thy Fathers Stewards Son,

Tho' Deeds of Honour for thee they have done.

My Love to thee is so inestimable,

To equalize it all, they are not able.

Phillis then interrupts his Protestation,

I have a Mind fram'd of another Fashion.

Cease, gentle Youth, to mention Love, quoth she,

Virginitie shall live and die with me ;

Love is compos'd of Idleness and Play,

And leadeth unto vain Delights that stray ;

Besides, thou ought'st not for to be so bold,
 For if this were unto my Father told,
 I know it wou'd cause his Reproof of thee,
 Being thou art unfit for my Degree:
 That Proverb in this point might make thee wise,
That Princely Eagles scorn to catch at Flies.
 And with this Answer she departed thence,
 Whilst *Guy* in deep despair of Recompence
 Was left more vexed than he was before,
 And never does expect Loves Comforts more,
 But unto Sorrows, Sighs, and Tears doth give,
 Wishing each Day the last that he may live.

C A N T. II.

*Guy greatest Torments in his Love endures,
 Till Phillis fair her Guy, as Patient, cures.*

With tired Thoughts remains this woful Knight,
 Partaking nothing that contains Delight;
 Distracted in his Melancholy Mind,
 All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind:
Phillis denies his Love, whose Sound of Breath
 Is like the Judge that dooms a Man to Death;
 Like to *Orestes* in his frantick Fits,
 Or mad *Orlando* quite depriv'd of Wits,
 From whom the use of Sense and Reason fled,
 He tore the golden Tresses from his Head,
 His raging Thoughts into Disorders ran;
 So was it with this Love-tormented Man;
 Society he shuns, and keeps alone,
 He hates himself, and is afraid of none;
 Beyond the Limits of all Love and Duty,
 Accuses Destiny, and curses Beauty.
Venus (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,
 Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?

Who

Who is the cause I am rejected thus ?
 I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,
 There to be plunged in Eternal Terrour,
 Who interrupts my Love to Beauty's Mirrour;
 I'll to *Jove's* Court, and there with Shouts and Cries
 Make such a Clamour as shall rend the Skies.
 Shall I be cozen'd as *Orpheus* was ?
 Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass ?
Euridice is sold even for a Song,
 But help me *Theseus* to revenge this Wrong.
 Fiends, Furies, Goblins, *Hydra's*, for a Fall
 I am prepar'd to struggle with you all.
 From hence I'll post unto the Torrid Zone,
 To find which way fair *Phillis* Love is gone ;
 For here without her I can't live alone. }
Jason had Luck to win the golden Fleece,
 Tho' *Helen* was a Waggish Wench of *Greece* ;
 I like the Skin, but for the Horns I care not,
 Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* dare not,
 Trust a fair Face ! Not I, let him that list :
 What's *Hercules* without his Club in's Fist ?
 Thus for a while his Senses were depriv'd,
 Till Reason to Perfections state reviv'd ;
 By Love he was as blind as *Cupid's* Eyes,
 Till extream Passion ceas'd to tyrannize ;
 For in a Vision *Phillis* did espy
 The Power of Love, to make her yield to *Guy*. }
 Which she before that time could ne'er descry.
 Fair *Phillis* in a Vision telleth *Guy*,
 To win her Love he must Adventures try.
 Then *Cupid* shot a Dart with golden Head,
 Which wounded *Phillis* in her Maiden Bed ;
 Before her he presents a martial Knight,
 And says, Sweet Virgin, Love this Man of Might ;
 For Valour, Courage, comely State and Limb
 The World has not a Champion like to him ;
 Great



Great Honour Lady thou shalt gain thereby.
 He will aspire unto such Majesty,
 He will become a Champion unto Kings
 And by his Sword perform admired things.
 Be not Ambitious that thou art high born;
 Be not defiled with the brand of Scorn,
 For 'tis in vain to strive against my Bow
 If I say Love, it must and shall be so;
 Fix not thy Thoughts vainly on Worldly Wealth,
 Which draws away corrupted Hearts by Stealth;
 Gain should not be Foundation unto Love,
 For Money-matches seldom happy prove;
 And if the Goods of Fortune do decay,
 So Love which they beget consumes away:
 I know how *Plutus* golden Treasure sways;
 I know how Womens Humours now-a-days

Run

Run after Riches to their own confusion;
 By Devilish and Accursed false Delusion;
 I see the Peasant with most abject Life,
 With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife;
 But *Phillis*, if thou knew'st as much as I,
 When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,
 Which are not made for one anothers uses,
 How base the Gods esteem of such Abuses,
 Then thou wou'dst scorn that Maidens shou'd be sold
 As Cattle are, for Silver and for Gold;
 Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,
 It must reciprocal return again,
 And take Original from True Affection,
 Or else it doth discover Imperfection.
 Love's inward Thoughts concurr in outward Deeds,
 Such as from Loyalty and Truth proceeds.
 Thy Lover comes not for Advancement to thee,
 'Tis not a Dowry that can make him wooe thee,
 But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came,
 For a sweet Face. *Guy's* purpose is the same;
 Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,
 Afford him Love-room in thy Heart to dwell,
 Make much of *Guy*, who doth so much excel,
 And the next time thou shalt behold his Face,
 Give him Encouragement with kind Embrace:
 And with that Word (*embrace*) he shot and hit
 Her very Heart, she starts, and wak'd with it;
 Which shews, to pity Lovers 'tis most fit.
 And *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the Head,
 Because it shou'd be well and surely sped;
 With that she fetcht a Sigh, a grievous one,
 Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-god gone,
 Whose Power I find prevaileth over all?
 (Then from her Eyes a Shower of Tears did fall)
 Oh! call him back, for why, I do confess,
 I have in Love been too too pityless;

Sweet

Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother;
 From this Day forth I will adore no other;
 For he hath such Imperial Rule and Might,
 As leads obdurate Hearts to great Delight;
 Compassion now has worthy Conquest made,
 One Dart has been sufficient to perswade,
 Guy more than Life doth *Phillis* love prefer,
 And *Phillis* loves her Guy, as he does her;
 But unto him her Love is yet unknown,
 He understands not that she is his own;
 Till forc'd by Passions, and constrain'd Laments,
 A second Suit he boldly thus presents:
Phillis, I was arraigned long ago,
 And have been Pris'ner in a Goal of Woe
 So long, that speedy Sentence I demand,
 And now I look for Judgment at your Hand;
 Oh! speak unto me either Life or Death,
 For I am tired with my vital Breath;
 If kindness dwells in that sweet Shape of thine,
 Then say, I can't but to thy Love incline,
 But if no Love or Kindness dwell with thee,
 Say so, and then thou mak'st an end of me.
 Give speedy Sentence, either smile or frown,
 I cannot live thus for a Monarch's Crown.
Phillis reply'd, I'm not at my dispose;
 What, wou'd you have me to be one of those
 That are to Parents disobedient,
 To fall in Love without my Friends consent?
 Shall fond Affection overstay my Will,
 And do you good to be accounted ill?
 You know my Fathers greatness in this Land,
 And if he should your Love to me withstand
 As far too mean, (for there's no other like)
 How could we bear the stroke Disgrace wou'd strike?
 Nothing but Death would make my Sorrow sweet,
 And Shame would wrap me in my Winding-sheer.
 Doubt

Doubt not your Father in this case (quoth he)
 Such Deeds of Valour shall be done by me
 Fore *Warwicks* Earl, that honourable Man,
 That he dislike me neither will nor can;
 Enjoyn me what Adventurures you think good,
 That Wounds and Scars may let my Body blood:
 Why then (quoth she) *Guy* make thy Valour shine,
 My Heart, my Soul, my Life, my Love is thine,
 Throughout the World, be glorious as the Sun,
 When Deeds of Honour by thy Hands are done;
 Make thy self famous by a Martial Life,
 And then take *Phillis* for thy Lawful Wife:
 I ask no more (said he) to gain your Love,
 O that I were at work my Task to prove,
 With *Hercules*, or such-like churlish Mate,
 Your Love I shou'd think bought at easie Rate:
Phillis farewell, this Kifs now gave to me
 Shall make a number kifs the Ground for thee.

C A N T. III.

*By noble Guy great things in France are done,
 Returns to Phillis when he Fame has won.*

R Epriev'd from Sorrow, now *Guy's* hopes prevail,
 He imbarcs himself, and into *France* doth sail;
Guy fills his Thoughts with Honours Enterprize,
 And leaves fair *England*, where his Comfort lies;
 He seeks for Enemies, he longs for Foes,
 And now desires to be dealing Blows:
 In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands
 Some valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands
 The race of Valour did intend to run,
 For there was Warlike Business to be done;
 A great Advantage was propounded there,
 Which News was Music to his itching Ear;

The Prize that drew them all unto this place
 Was *Blanch*, with such a charming Heav'nly Face;
 Which had attractive Beauty full of Power,
 And Daughter was to th' *Almain* Empeour;
 In whom such Graces did unite together,
 The Worthies of the World came posting thither:
 Who won this Damsel (it was thus decreed)
 Shou'd have her mounted on a Milk-white Steed,
 Two Grey-hounds and a Fair Legion for the Deed;
 This was his Lot that could obtain the day
 To bear the Honour and the Maid away.
 Our *Engliffe* Knight prepares him for the Field,
 Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held;
 There Kings were present, Princes did repair
 To see the Face that was so wondrous fair;
 Tho' only one must speed, and hundreds miss;
 Yet each Man there imagines *Blanch* is his:
 In spacious Field, where they assembled were,
 The Golden glittering Armour that was there
 Did dart the Sunbeams back into the Clouds,
 Hardly affording room for armed Crouds;
 The pamper'd Horses proudly stamp the Ground
 To hear the Clamour of the Trumpet's sound;
 A German Prince most resolutely brave,
 A first and very fierce Encounter gave
 Unto an Earl of an undaunted Sp'rite,
 Whose Valour blow with blow he did requite;
 Till by a stroke the Earl receiv'd on's Head,
 He was unhors'd, falling to Ground as dead;
 Then *Guy* came forth with Courage to the Prince,
 Like force he never felt before nor since,
 Such hard Extreames he ne're was put unto;
Guy dealt with him as *Hercules* wou'd do;
 Just where the Prince had laid the Earl to ffound,
 There down came he, both Horse and Man to ground.

Duke

Duke Otten seeing this, was in a Rage,
And vow'd by Heaven nothing should assuage
His Fury, but the Death of that proud Foe,
His desperate Humour did incense him so;
Prepare thee, fight, to breath thy last (quoth he)
Monster, or Devil, or whate're thou be.
They joyn together then in dreadful Fight,
The Dust ascended up, and blinds their Sight,
Till Blood allays it, streaming from their Wounds,
The Splinters fly, and clashing Armour sounds;
Both their Swords break, they light, and on his back
Guy threw the Duke, which made his Bones to crack;
Duke Reyner wou'd Revenge his Cousin then.
Quoth Guy, I find you're Wretches, and not Men,
That with a blow or fall, so soon are vext,
Yet for Encounter he prepared next.
But come and welcome, I am for you all,
The *English* say, *The weakest must to th' Wall.*
They rush together, that the Ground did shake;
In Reyners Shoulder Guy a Wound did make
Whereby he lost the use of his right Arm,
Whilst animating Trumpets sound alarm;
Reyners then yields as others did before,
Unable once to wield his Weapon more.
Then for a while all stood amaz'd at Guy,
Till Lovains Duke must needs his Fortune try;
Having great hopes that he shou'd better speed,
Tho' not a Man was forward to proceed;
Well mounted and well arm'd the Duke did sit
On a proud Steed, that ill endur'd the Bit;
I think (quoth he) thou some Enchanter art,
But yet I'll make thee know before we part,
Thy magick force I'll baffle in thy Arm.
Quoth Guy, then thou shalt feel that I can charm;
I'll conjure thee ev'n with an Iron Spell,
My Sword shall send thee unto Heav'n or Hell:

B

With

With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,
 The second or the third his Helmet broke :
 The other did return such weak reply,
 Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die ;
 Fight for a Woman he that list for me,
 I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.
 Then not a Man that durst encounter more ;
 So in a Rage amongst themselves they swore,
 What ! shall a Stranger all the Honour bear
 Of this great day, and all the Lawrel wear
 In Triumph here ? what cursed Fortune's this ?
 That all the glory of this Field is his.
 In Envy 'neath his Happinels they curst,
 They could have kill'd him, but that no Man durst ;
 If wishes could have done it, he had dy'd,
 But fight with him not any could abide.
 The Emperor for *Guy* a Knight did send,
 Who said his Majesty did much commend
Guy's haughty Courage, resolutely bold,
 Then askt his Name and Nation, which he told.
 Brave *English*-man, thou art thy Country's pride,
 In *Europe* lives not such a Knight beside ;
 The Emperor said, Thy Worth and Valours great
 Ascend to Honours well deserved Seat ;
 To speak thy Praise my Tongue cannot suffice,
 Thou art a second *Hector* in my Eyes ;
 This day thy noble Hand has shew'n me more
 Than in my Life I ever saw before ;
 Come and receive thy due Desert of me,
 My Daughters Love at thy dispose is free,
 The Greyhound, Steed, and Faulcon take to thee ;
 And here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake,
 Which I a Witness of my Love do make.
Guy thank't his Highness for his gracious Favour,
 Then to the Princess with a good Behaviour,

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A reverent, humble, modest Look he cast,
And vow'd them Service whilst his Life shou'd last;
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,
That doth such Beauty to my Lot extend.



Madam, accept your loyal English Knight,
Who, whilst he has a drop of Blood, will fight
To do you Service, when you please command it,
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it.
'To be your Husband is Degree too high,
It is enough you call me Servant Guy;
In *England* doth my Marriage-Love remain,
About whose Face Nature has took great Pain,
'To her I must and will be true for ever,
And durst have sworn Flesh cou'd have matcht it never;
But now I find (who curiously have ey'd her)
There is a *Phoenix* in the World beside her.

And that's your self, the World dare not deny it,
 No human Judgment in the World can try it.
 For which is fairest, I cannot decide,
 Who has most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride :
 I dare be bold to call your Beauties Twins,
 And *Venus* Blackamoore to both your Skins ;
 Oh, *Phyllis* ! here's thy Picture in this Princess,
 Thou that of my Souls Faculties art Mistress,
 Methinks thou'rt present in this charming look,
 Recorded in *Time's* golden-leaved Book.
 To thee if I prove false, or be misled,
Jove's fearful Vengeance light upon my Head.
 Quoth *Blanch*, your Constancy ought to be prais'd,
 For you do well ; (and then a Sigh she rais'd)
 He that Loves Promise will not sacred keep,
 May he be plunged into Torments deep ;
 But I suppose your Vows are yet to make
 So what your Sword has won, your Heart may take.
 Lady, 'tis Truth I speak, and not a Lye,
 My Protestations are above the Sky ;
 And now the Sun declines, Light from us flies,
 I'll take my leave of you in humble wise ;
 My Body is unto Repose inclin'd
 Altho' no Rest be in my troubled Mind ;
 My troubled Mind's in *Warwick* Castle now,
 Here I make others bend, there I do bow,
 And lowly as the humble Ground do lie,
 Although I am so great in *Normandy*.
 At my Loves Feet I cast my self to Ground,
 Tho' Victory my Temples here have Crown'd ;
 My Mind misgives me *Phyllis* is not well,
 I'll Cloath me in a mournful Iron Shell :
 I cannot stay, I must to *England* pack,
 Like my sad Thoughts, my Armour shall be black ;
 For where the Mind meets with suspicious Cares
 Distrust is ever dealing doubtful Shares ;

Yet

Yet I have much good Fortune on my side,
 For *Phillis* Love is to Conditions ty'd;
 I know the means how to attain my Bliss,
 And trust that she will be my own for this;
 By which she may, but if she more require,
 There's nothing in the World I will deny her.
 With hasty Journey he is homeward bound,
 Arriving safely on the *English* Ground;
 Leaving the Vulgar to a nine days wonder,
 He gets to her, suppos'd too long asunder,
 Whom with more Joy his chearful looks behold,
 Than can by Pen and Ink, or Lines be told.
 Guy won fair *Blanch*, the Christian Knights did meet,
 He wins the Prize, then did his *Phillis* greet.

C A N T. IV.

*Victorious Guy doth still his Love present,
 But forth again by Phillis she is sent.*

IN the supposed Haven of Repose,
 With kind salute unto his Love he goes,
 Hope casteth Anchor for his Bark to ride;
 He gets Embraces, and all things beside
 Besit Affection, all such Compliments
 As Love can look for, gracious she presents.
 Fair Foe (quoth Guy) I come to challenge thee,
 I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,
 For there's no Man that I can meet will fight,
 Nor one that dares maintain a Ladies Right;
Phillis, my Sword has won an Emperor's Daughter,
 At Price of Blows and bloody Wounds I bought her,
 A sweeter Creature has not *Europe's* space
 Well worth my Bargain; but thy better Face
 Hath made me leave her to some others lot,
 For I protest to Heaven, I love her not.

B 3

This

This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and these Hounds }
 I took in Satisfaction for my Wounds, }
 For I will keep my Love within its bounds : }
 My Constancy to you is all my care,
 Leaving all other Women as they are.
 But Dearest, tell me, shall I have you now ?
 Are you resolved still to keep your Vow ?
 Will you consent the Priest shall do his part ?
 Is none but I half with you in your Heart ?
 Can you forsake the World, change Maiden Life,
 And help your faithful Lover to a Wife ?
 I give you thanks (quoth she) that for my sake
 Such hard Adventures you vouchsafe to take.
 To win a Princess was a precious Prize,
 She shou'd have found more Favour in my Eyes,
 Surely (methinks) if I had been Sir Guy,
 Than take the Horse, and turn a Lady by :
 What ! is a Horse, a Faulcon and a Hound
 More worthy than a Lady so renown'd ?
 Perhaps you'll say it is for Love of me, }
 I think it, nay, believe it so to be, }
 And tho' I jest, I will do more for thee }
 Than thou, or any but thy self, shall know ; }
 I'll never marry, Dear, believe it so,
 For true it is, whilst my Life's Glas doth run,
 I'll marry thee, or I will die a Nun.
 Then give me leave to speak my Mind, kind Love,
 I had a Vision did Affection move ;
Cupid came to me in my quiet Rest
 (For I must lock my Secrets in your Breast)
 And did command me in his Mothers name
 To love you ; thus perswading to the same,
 An armed Man (just as I see you now)
 He set before me, then he bid me bow
 And yield, and gentle-hearted be, for thus
 'Tis vain for to oppose the Power of us :

But

But all thy Love, thy Loyalty and Truth,
Bestow it freely on this matchless Youth;
Throughout the World his fame shall be admir'd,
To end Kings Quarrels he shall be requir'd,
And mighty Men shall tremble at his Wrath,
His Worthiness shall tread no common Path.
But Actions to be fear'd he shall effect,
Matters of Moment, things of great respect.
This (in effect) he did to me relate,
So, if I wou'd, I know not how to hate;
But I have been obedient to his will;
Of perfect Kindness I am taught the skill:
Believe me *Guy*, for if it were not so,
This Secret of my Breast you shou'd not know;
But now (my Dear) before you me possess,
You must do Deeds of greater worthiness:
I'll ever love you, tho' I ne'er do more,
But will not grant you use of Love before.
Not grant me use of Love! (quoth he) fair Friend,
Then I'll content you, for I'll make an end
One way or other, slay, or else be slain,
For why, of force I must abroad again.
E're I return again into this Realm,
You shall confess I have fulfill'd your Dream.
Assist me Heaven, as I mean upright,
No unjust Quarrel shall procure me Fight:
To wrong the wronged I will ne'er incline,
Which I protest by all the Powers divine;
But stand for those that by Oppression fall
In Honours venture, be it Life and all.
Come, my *Bellona*, do thou gird my Sword,
And such kind Kisses as thou canst afford,
Bestow upon me, in the stead of Charms,
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory Arms.
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,
How thou art now to imitate her Life.

Farewel my *Phillis*, Health and Happines
 Attend you ever, and me good Success.
 Let *Joue* vouchsafe, which is my Hearts desire,
 For to reserve my Love to you entire.
 At my return, when *Mars* his Business ends,
 My Comfort is, Marriage will make amends.
 And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,
 Telling him, that where Honour dealeth shares
 He must seek out, is come to take his leave,
 To purchase that which worthy Men receive;
 At Home (saith he) my Honourable Lord,
 I find that Valour nothing can afford,
 Therefore I'll search abroad what's to be done,
 By Nature's Course my Glass has much to run.
 I well may spare some Years for Fighting sport,
 Therefore from Place to Place I will resort;
 Of Idleness there's nothing comes but Evil,
 I hate a Coward as I hate the Devil.
Guy (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,
 Thy wish'd-for Company so soon to miss;
 The News is more than I can well endure,
 For I did make account I had been sure
 Possess of thee, at thy late Travels end,
 And dost thou now Journeys again intend?
 Tarry with me, trust not to Fortune's Power,
 She may allot thee an unlucky Hour,
 That instantly her Favours so hast felt,
 Tho' now she hath so well and kindly dealt;
 Her Courtesies are most inconstant Things,
 Believe her not, she dealeth false with Kings;
 Thy Glories with Fames Triumphs now remain,
 Lost Honour is not easily got again.
 May not one cursed and unhappy blow,
 Betray thy self to thy insulting Foe;
 May not a Thousand Dangers on thee light,
 Where but thy self, thy wronged self must right.

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Quoth Guy) My Lord, Dangers he must not fear,
He must a Mind of Resolution bear,
And think himself too great for all his Foes,
Who to Adventures doth himself expose;
I'll never dread I shall be over-man'd,
Whilst I have Hands to fight, or Legs to stand;
Therefore in humble sort I leave your Honour:
If Fortune take a frowning Mood upon her,
Yet she shall find I do disdain her Hate,
And will wish well unto your happy State;
Whatever Planet rul'd when I was born,
A Soul I have will laugh Mishap to scorn.

C A N T. V.

Colbron and Guy joyn Duke of Lovain's Strength,
O'ercomes the Emperor, and makes Peace at length.

NOW Guy expects a favourable Gale,
And with a speedy Passage he doth sail,
Which to his Hearts desire he doth obtain,
Seeks fresh Adventures out in France again;
Where finding none, from thence away he hies
To Lovain, where in Siege the Emperor lies;
For Segwin Duke of Lovain's Hap was such,
The Emperor's Cousin, whom he loved much,
At Tournament a Noble Man to kill,
Who took the Death of him extreemly ill;
So that a Quarrel thereupon arose,
And Wars ensu'd betwixt those mighty Foes;
Thither goes Guy to lend the Duke his Aid,
But by Duke Otten basely was betray'd;
For in the way an Accident befel,
His Life endanger'd, but he freed it well.
Otten in France before disgrac'd by Guy,
Had vow'd, where'er he met him he should dye;
And

And to that end Sixteen appointed were,
 All Men of Resolution, void of Fear,
 To lie in Ambush, and surprize him so,
 Who in a Forest did themselves bestow,
 And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more,
 The like distress he ne'er was in before.
Now Gentlemen and loving Friends, quoth he,
Here is great Odds, Sixteen unto you Three ;
Now shew you've English Hearts, and rightly bred,
And I, the Fourth, will stand you in some stead.
You Three shall combat Six, that's Two to One,
And with the other Ten let me alone.
 On this he drew his Sword, and laid about,
 Fighting so resolute amongst the Rout,
 The Ratling Armour eccho'd in the Sky,
 Then down they dropt on every side and dye ;
 Here lyeth one that has no Legs to stand,
 And there another wanting Head and Hand ;
Guy quickly made dispatch of his half-score,
 But still remained half a dozen more,
 Which Two of his most Worthy Knights did slay,
 And were not long in ridding them away.
 When *Guy* perceiv'd 'em fall, he stamp't the Ground,
 And utter'd forth this frightful angry sound :
Ah Villains ! how my Soul abhors this Sight !
This bloody Deed with Blood I will requite ;
For this how my revenging Passion strives !
You dye for it, had you a Thousand Lives ;
Two slain outright, and Heraud wounded too !
'Tis the last cursed Act that you shall do.
 He laid upon them Blows to stagger under,
 Cut all in piecemeal, for the Crows, asunder.
 He brought them breathless to the Ground at length
 With force, as't were exceeding human Strength.
 There lye (quoth he) and feast the Birds o'th' Air,
 Or else those Savage Beasts that here repair ;

But these sweet Gentlemen, who were so kind
 To come from England, by their Love inclin'd
 Companions in my hardest Haps to be,
 Who've lost their Lives in the Defence of me,
 Will interr in honourable wise,
 With best Solemnity I can devise.

From thence unto a Hermit dwelling nigh
 He rode, to do that Office carefully,
 Who did perform it with exactest Care,
 And Heraud home unto his Cell he bare,
 Who was not dead, tho' Guy suppos'd him slain,
 For by the Hermit he was cur'd again.

Now forth went Guy, penfive, perplex't and sad,
 Grieving that now no Company he had,
 To ease his Torments, almost made him mad. }

Till Travelling along, at last he found
 A place for Honour very much renown'd;
 There did he meet with Tilt and Tournament;
 There Fortune did give him her full Consent
 To win the best of every valiant Knight,
 And so augment his Glory and Delight.
 Of all the Worthies that did there resort,
 Not one could match him in Duke Reyner's Court.
 To Millain he repairs, admir'd of all,
 Where hearing that a Quarrel did befall
 Twixt th' Emperor and great Segwin, Lovain's Duke,
 To Lovain went, and Millain he forsook.

A Pilgrim, as he Travell'd on, he meets,
 Whom with all civil Courtesies he greets,
 And with some News t'acquaint he him entreats. }

He answer'd him, but with a Sigh or two,
 Saying, *With News I little have to do;*
Nothing in all the World is all my Care,
I seek a Man, but seek him in Despair,
Because I long have sought, and cannot find;
That is the thing, and nothing else I mind:

*A Man more dearly to my Soul is ty'd
Than all the Men are in the World beside.*

Why, what art thou, (quoth Guy) or who is he?

I am an Englishman of Knights degree,
Of kindness be so kind, as tell in brief,
Quoth *Heraud* then, the Subject of my Grief
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Country-man.

Guy with Joys-Tears t'embrace him then began,
What art thou living, *Heraud*, my best Friend?

Quoth he, Then let our Sorrows all take end;
And taking him most kindly in his Arms,
Said, let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?

Quoth he, *The Hermit*, by his Skill, did save me,
With wholesome Medicines and Salves he gave me.

Guy did rejoyce, and *Heraud's* Joys abound,
No angry Star in Opposition frown'd,
But each was Owner of his great Content,
At this so great and happy Accident:
So posting with good Fortune on their side,
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride.
The City in Distress, besieg'd they find;
But *Segwin* was right joyful in his Mind
That *Worthy Guy* was come unto his aid,
Tho' small defence cou'd for themselves be made.

Now (quoth the King) boldly presume I can,
We have an honourable valiant Man.

Advise me (warlike Knight) what's to be done.

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, there's Freedom to be won;
Willingly I my self will first begin,
To free us from the Danger we are in.

Let's issue forth upon them presently,
Our Courage great will make such Cowards fly.

I'll give Consent to any thing thou wilt,
Let Limb be lost, let Life and Blood be spilt,
Thy Projects willingly I do approve,
All follow thee, that came'st to me in Love:

*Open the Gates, let's beat them from the Walls,
He lies no lower than the Ground, that falls.*

Out of the City suddenly they get,
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,
Where such a bloody Slaughter there is made,
That many thousand Lives they dearly paid :
Of Thirty Thousand that in Siege there lay,
Scarce Thirty Hundred did escape away :
The Emperor at this was sorely griev'd,
Thinking the City could not be reliev'd,
He with fresh Forces gave a new assault,
That then their Strength might weaken by default,
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,
Hoping at length to vanquish them thereby :
Guy and the Duke upon the Walls appear,
And tell him, that they can spare much good Cheer
Unto their Soldiers, throwing them much down,
And vaunt that they shall never win the Town ;
Adding withal, if they want more than that,
Speak but, and they shall have to make them fat.

*But now (quoth Guy) your Bodies are well fed,
Yet I'm afraid you are not rightly bred,
But Dungbills, who will sooner crow than bite :
How do you find your Stomachs now to Fight ?
For still when Cowards do begin a Fray,
Look e'er it ends to see them run away,
And so your selves have lately done we see,
Most hot to Cavil and Contend you be ;
Your Tongues we hear, but Hands there's no Man feels,
But wondrous quick and nimble at your Heels ;
We did expect when you came here to forage,
We shou'd have been encumber'd with your Courage ;
But 'tis not so, alas ! you're not the Men,
For Waking we'll encounter One with Ten,
And never wish to have a better Match,
Unless, by chance, asleep you shall us catch ;*

There-

*Therefore have-at you once again, we come ;
March on Brave Boys, sound Trumpet, beat up Drum.*

All of a sudden on their Foes they be,
Resolved now they wou'd their City free,
Or never live to see the next day morn,
So fought like Men that laugh'd pale Death to scorn.
Much Blood was shed, great store of Lives it cost,
And on the *Almains* side the Day was lost.
The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their Foes in chase,
Who with themselves had Wings to mend their pace,
For like so many Hares away they fly,
Being loth to lose their Lives, afraid to dye ;
But Fortune in an angry Mood decreed,
Their Glory, Honour, Fame, and Life shou'd bleed.
The Victors to the City then retir'd,
And all that heard the Action much admir'd
That great Exploit, so resolutely done,
With Trophies of Triumphant Glory won.
But unto *Guy* the Duke all Thanks did yield,
For, thou (quoth he) art *Cesar* of our Field.

*My Lord (quoth Guy) this Freedom joys me much
Which we have wrought, yet wish my Hap were such
'Twixt you and th' Emperor to end the Grutch :*

Give me but Leave, I will endeavour it ;

And put Good-will to a blunt Soldiers Wit.

The Duke consents with Thanks, and doth entreat,
Lest Dangers which seem little may prove great,
He'd take a Guard of Soldiers forth the Town,
And wou'd not have him wrong'd for *Reyner's* Crown.

*Go, honourable Man, what thou shalt do,
I'll set my Hand, my Heart, and Life thereto.*

Guy goes unto the Emp'ror, and speaks thus :
Peace unto thee, if thou say Peace to us,
High Majesty, all Health unto thy Grace,
And Love also, if Love thou wilt embrace ;

As we are Christians, let us war no more,
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore.
We sue to thee, not in a servile manner,
For Victory doth now display its Banner,
And War yields us a sweet and pleasant Taste;
Thy Power and Force we do not dread i'th' least.
No Cause doth move it, but a Conscience Cause,
To bring the Heathen to Religious Laws:
Speak therefore, and resolve what thou wilt do,
Give me thy Answer ev'n in brief hereto,
As briefly as my Soldiers Message ends;
Shall we be Christian Foes, or Christian Friends?
Shall we among our selves the Name divide?
Or challenge them that have the same deny'd?

Brave Englishman, hadst thou spoke thus before
Earth shou'd have wanted of her Slaughter'd store
Some Thousands, which lye now in Slaughter'd Gore.
Thou hast prevail'd with me, the War shall cease,
And I embrace thee as a Friend in Peace;
Thy motion tends to Honour; Honour's Wight,
When thou art buried in Eternal Night,
Thy Name shall last in longest length of Days,
And thou shalt live in Fames Immortal praise.
Thou dost the Worthies of the World exceed,
Blest be the Nation did thy Person breed.

Go now, my Leige, quoth Guy, unto the Town,
Our End shall be to pull the Pagans down,
That unto Christ's Religion are untrue,
And with Duke Segwin there this League renew;
My greatest Joy will be to hear it said,
This is the best Days-work that e'er Guy made.

C A N T. VI.

*Guy with a Thousand Men 'gainst Pagans goes,
Who curst to feel the smart of Christians Blows.*

THe power of Peace hath vanquish'd stubborn War,
The Sword shall rust in Sheath before it jarr,
To be with Blood of Innocents embrew'd,
Which mighty Princes worthily conclude:
Christians in Name and Actions do unite,
'Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight:
Guy with a Thousand Men doth take his leave,
And doth a True Intelligence receive;
In hearkning further after Martial News,
That Barb'rous Pagans, Saracens and Jews,
Turks, and the like, of Mahomet's blind Crew,
In most destructive War each other slew:
To them he goes, partial on neither part,
They were all odious to him in his Heart,
His Sword did favour every one alike,
Which arm'd his Hand with Vigour for to strike;
And work Amazement unto their Contending,
Coming so roughly to their Quarrels ending.
Said they among themselves, what Fellows this?
Of certainty more than a Man he is,
That lays about him like a Mad-man thus,
For human force will fear to Fight with us;
But if he be, as seeming by his Shape,
Had he Ten Thousands Lives he shou'd not 'scape:
Then did a haughty Pagan step to Guy
And said to him, if thou'lt thy Valour try,
Let's have a little Sport 'twixt thee and I,
For thou hast got a Sword there like a Reed,
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.

Too blunt, quoth Guy, then in his Anger groans,
I'll whet it e'er we part upon thy Bones;

If it shou'd fail me now, it were a Wonder ;
Such Lubbers it has often cut asunder.
But come, art ready ? bid thy Friends adieu ;
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew ;
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds ;
So say thy Prayers unto thy Heathen Gods.
Look that thy Head be set on sure and fast,
Or, Monster, I will prove thee but a Blast.
Then did they lend each other lusty knocks ;
The Martial Multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all the End and Death of Guy,
Finding the Sparks of Fire from Helmets fly :
For Colbron, whom he fought with, was so strong,
He had been Champion to the Pagans long.
At length Guy lent him such a fatal Blow,
That Colbron down unto the Ground did go.
Rise up, quoth Guy, if thou thy Legs canst feel,
Off goes thy Head as sure as this is Steel.
Forthwith he made him shorter by his Head,
Which made the Pagans quite astonished,
And it unto the Emperor he sent,
Tho' they in Colbron were so confident,
They durst have ventur'd Goods, and Life, and Limb,
On any Combat that was fought by him.
Then Heraud (to give Guy some breathing space)
Did take and bid defiance to the Face
Of a strong Pagan, called Elmadant,
For valiant Heraud did no Courage want :
The Pagan, somewhat hot, with fury fill'd,
Did fight, but was both quickly cool'd and kill'd.
Presently Guy unto another comes,
Lays on him, and his Senses so benumbs,
He tumbld headlong like a tired Jade,
He had so maul'd Morgadour with his Blade.
The Pagans seeing their Champions thus go down,
Forsake the Field, retiring to the Town ;

Where a most bloody Tyrant that did sway,
 Went Armed to the Tent wherein *Guy* lay;
 Who having heard what happen'd, full of Ire,
 Did now a Combat at *Guy's* Hands require.

Villain! (quoth he) *whom like a Dog I scorn,*
I'll make thee Curse the time that thou wast born;
Now Runagate, I come to fetch thy Head,
For to a Lady it I promised,
My Currs shall with thy English Flesh be fed.
Come, I have vow'd by Mahomet thou dy'st,
Thou canst not 'scape by trusting in thy Christ,
Villain, (said Guy) I tell thee plain, thou ly'st.
What! hast thou given away my Head, quoth he?
An honest Man will his Word's Master be,
And never promise more than he has meant;
To give't a Lady, is a brave Intent:
But come thy ways, and quickly take it off,
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff.

With proud Disdain together then they rush,
 But *Guy's* Sword did *Eskeldart* so becrush;
 Laying it on as fast as he cou'd drive,
 Till for his Head no longer he durst strive;
 But instantly, that he might keep it on
 Put Spurs to Horse, and in great haste is gone.
 So *Guy* returns to *Heraud*, and to him said,
 That a bold Fellow came to fetch his Head,
 Who smil'd thereat, and tells *Guy* how he sped
 With a false Coward, named *Addellart*,
 Who wounded him with an envenom'd Dart;
 And being hurt most dangerously so,
 By *Eskellard*, (a proud insulting Foe)
 Compos'd of Cruelty, and Devilish Ire
 Was intercepted e're he could retire.
But (quoth *Sir Heraud*) *e're our Fray was done,*
I made them wish it never had begun;

*For both of them there falling flat down dead,
The other Pagans with Amazement fled.*

*Why then (quoth Guy) all's quiet I perceive:
But gentle Heraud, e're we take our leave,
(These Miscreants like unto Foxes lye)
Methinks one Combat more I fain wou'd try:
The General of this Accursed Rout
Shall be the Man I mean to single out;
They call him mighty Soldan; so I long,
To try if so they do not him great Wrong;
Titles of worth become base Cowards ill;
I'll try him what he is, happen what will.*

*Now, Heraud, leave me, prithee do, forbear;
Go to that Grassy Bank, repose thee there,
And with this Balsam stay those Drops of Blood;
I will not tarry long, stay in this Wood:
E're Phœbus in the Western parts decline,
Death shall conclude the Soldan's Life, or mine.
Said Heraud, Since thou wilt not let me go,
Till thou return, I will converse with Woe;
With longing Eyes and careful list'ning Cares,
I'll spend thy absent Time in Pray'rs and Tears.*

*Guy posts, and finds this Soldan, Man of might,
Who said, he came to Challenge him to fight.
Both Mahomet and him he did defy,
For that his Sword he wou'd maintain it by.
The Soldan with a staring Look replies,
Thou art an odious Creature in my Eyes;
I'll chastise thee; thou Christian Slave, with Steel,
And thy Presumption shall my Fury feel.
With that at Guy he ran with such a force,
Their Launces brake, and each forsook his Horse.
Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,
Cutting thro' all, and mangling Coats of Mail,
With Manly Force made deadly Wounds withal,
That at the last the Soldan down did fall.*

Sending Blasphemous Curses to the Sky,
 And casting handfuls of his Blood at *Guy*;
 Who posted back to *Heraud*, and then said,
 An end of mighty *Soldan* he had made.
 With that he rose with Joy and Love's embrace,
 And forth they travel to another place.

C A N T. VII.

*Guy free's a Lyon, then a Dragon kills,
 Then sav'd Earl Terry and his Spouse from Ills.*

PAssing the Desarts now, where shady Trees
 And Birds, and Ecchoes therein best agrees,
 They chanc'd to find a Silver purling Spring;
 (For Water was to them a pleasant thing)
 There with the crystal Streams they cool'd their Heat,
 And often make the Roots and Herbs their Meat,
 To satisfie Dame Nature's hungry Wrong,
 And quench the Thirst they had endured long:
 All on a sudden at a Noise they wonder,
 A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did Thunder.
Heraud, (quoth *Guy*) to *Horse*, let's be prepar'd
Here is a Sound I've very seldom heard;
I'll seek it out, it comes from yonder way,
And leave our Dinner till another day:
Some Monster, or some Devil, makes a Noise;
For I am sure it is no humane Voice.
 So forth he rides, and by a Hill he 'spies
 A Lyon with a Dragon met, who try's
 Their Strength, and him that first aside shou'd start
Guy wou'd befriend, and likewise take his Part.
 The Dragon winds his crooked knotty Tail
 About the Lyons Legs, with rugged Scale,
 To throw him, but the Lyon fasten'd so,
 That nimbly he prevents the Overthrow.

Then



Then Tooth and Nail they fiercely rear and bite,
 Maintaining long a cruel bloody Fight.
 At length the Lyon yielding, turn'd aside,
 And look'd about as if he cou'd not 'bide :
Nay then (quoth Guy) Dragon, have-at thy Hide.
 With that couragiously to work he goes,
 And gave the Dragon many mighty Blows :
 The ugly Beast, with flaggy Wings display'd,
 Whose very Looks might make a Man afraid,
 So frightful seem'd his devouring Jaws,
 That Guy came up to him, and Sword he draws.
 His blazing Eyes did burn like living Fire ;
 His speckl'd Breast aloft he lifted higher
 Than Guy could reach at length of Weapon's stroke,
 And forth his Vip'rous Mouth came sulph'rous Smoke ;

Thus in most Ireful Mood himself he tore,
 And gave a Cry as Seas are wont to rore ;
 With that his mortal Sting he stretched out,
 Far sharper pointed than is Steel, no doubt,
 And wound his Tail the Horses Legs about.
 At which *Guy* hews and cuts him with his Blade,
 And four Mens Strength on every Blow he laid ;
 One fatal gash he cut into his side,
 Which made a passage both so deep and wide ;
 And thence did flow such Streams of vip'rous Blood,
 That deep into the Monster's Gore *Guy* stood :
 Then with a second blow he overtook him,
 Which made the Dragon long to have forsook him.
Nay then, quoth Guy, thou hast not long to Live ;
 And such a deadly stroke to him did give,
 That down came Dragon roaring, which did fright
 The Victor more than all the dreadful Fight ;
 Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lie :
 But looking back behind his Horse did 'spy
 The conquer'd Lyon coming, pretty nigh.
 Which Beast perceiving then *Guy's* Weapon drawn,
 Came creeping to, and like a Dog did fawn.
 Like to that grateful Lyon which did free
Androgius Life, when sentenc'd by Decree
 To be by Wild Beasts all in pieces torn,
 For pulling out on's Foot an ugly Thorn.
 This Lyon came and lick'd him very kind,
 Bearing (as seem'd) an old good Turn in Mind.
 Ev'n so this grateful Creature deals with him,
 Altho' by Nature cruel, fierce and grim ;
 For that same Benefit which he had done,
 He like a Spaniel by his Horse did run,
 Continuing many days with great desire,
 Till extream Hunger forc'd him to retire
 Towards the Sea. Now *Guy* his Journey takes,
 Arrives in *Almain*, where the Emp'or makes

Great

Great Triumph for him, glad that he is come,
 And bids him welcome into *Christendom*.
 There Multitudes do give their Eyes content,
 To see him entertain'd with Tournament,
 With Kingly Banquets, Princely Revelling,
 And do attend in Crowds, still wondering
 At all his worthy Acts Report had spread,
 With which their Ears most strangely they had fed.
 From thence he Travels towards a loving Friend ;
 But e're he came unto his Journeys end,
 A wronged Lady he did nobly free,
 Before his Duke of *Lovain* he could see.
 She was by Force now of her Spouse bereft,
 And he at point of Death, sore wounded left.
 Thus it befel *Terry*, a valiant Earl,
 And his dear *Gem*, inestimable Pearl,
 Who was by all surnam'd *Osile* the Fair.
 They in the Forrest went to take the Air,
 Wherein a Plot was laid to take his Life,
 And make his beauteous Love anothers Wife.
 All on a sudden sixteen Villains came
 Unto the Earl, and said, *That Wench we claim* :
 Then did they give him such a deadly wound,
 That her they took, but left him on the Ground,
 And said, *next Passenger that thou shalt see,*
Get him to make a Grave, and bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, heard his Complaint,
 Who weaken'd with the loss of Blood grew faint,
 And thereupon look'd deadly pale and wan :
Guy comforts him in kindest sort he can ;
Courage, quoth he, *I'll fetch thy Wife again,*
 Or say that *Guy* is but a Cow'rdly Swain.

When *Terry* heard that Name, he did revive,
 And lifting up himself from Ground did strive
 For to embrace him in deep Passions groan ;
 For unto him his worthy Deeds were known.

Thanks, Gracious Heaven, quoth he, with Soul and Heart,
For sending Guy to take my wronged Part.

Which is the way, quoth Guy, those Villains went ?
I'll after them, this Deed they shall repent.

That Path, quoth Woeful Terry, by yon Oak,
I saw them turn and go. And as he spoke
He heard a Shriek, which was the Ladies Cry,
And by that Sound he did them soon descry.

Coming unto 'em, Wretched Slaves, quoth he,
Inlarge her presently, and set her free.

What do you purpose with this Lady here ?

You have done Wrongs that will be rated dear ;

Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent,

'Twill cost your Lives a Price incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, and said, What Fool's this same,

That goes by wilful Death to get a Name ?

Sure he is mad, that in a Desperate Mind

Would have the World believe that he is kind :

The Fellow sure is in some frantick Fit,

And means to fight without both Fear and Wit.

Like so (quoth Guy) you'll see't a raging one.

So bids the Lady cease her pensive moan ;

Saying, Good Madam, unto Joy incline,

For suddenly these Rascals will be mine.

But when the gentle Lady did behold

How with a Courage admirably bold,

At every blow some one or other dy'd,

Oh, pitty, pitty, worthy Knight ! she cry'd ;

These mortal Wounds I can no longer see,

Be not so bloody in Revenge of me ;

Upon my Knees I do intreat you stay

For with their Lives you take ev'n mine away ;

If one more die, I faintly yield my Sp'rite,

It is to me such a Tremendous Sight.

You worthily my Honour have defended ;

Let the Revenge now of my Wrong be ended.

Lady

*Lady (quoth he) I cease at your Request ;
 But Villains, you did bind her, for the rest :
 Depart, base Rascals, all but two be gone.
 Then struck them with his Sword, the Scabbard on,
 That down to Ground they fell, making Excuse ;
 My Lord, we only kept her for your use.
 Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,
 And Guy unto the place became her Guide,
 Where was her Lord, whom she had left distressed,
 But found that he had been already drest.
 For in their Absence came a Hermit by,
 Which to his bleeding Wounds did Salve apply.
 Terry and Osile in their Joys abound :
 Be thou (say they) in Life and Death renown'd.
 For gratefully to thee we all things give,
 Whom we must Honour whilst we breathing live.
 Hold, here's my Hand, (quoth Terry) worthy Guy ;
 In Fight for thee I will rejoyce to dye.*

C A N T. VIII.

*Guy Terry's Father aids, then Otton slew,
 Whose Leaders fled, then kill'd a Wild Boar too.*

NOW was Bright Phœbus settled in the West
 And Vesper, which adorns the Skies the best,
 Appear'd, as bright as Cynthia in her Sphere,
 To welcome fable Night's approaching near ;
 When Terry, Guy, and Osile, wanting Guide,
 Hearing the Savage Noise on every side
 Of Beasts that thirsted after humane Blood,
 Wander'd about the unfrequented Wood ;
 The Cries of Bears and Lyons, and the like,
 Did to their Hearts a great Amazement strike.
 On every Side they cast a fearful Eye ;
 At length two armed Men they did espy ;

Who

Who listen also to those dismal Cries,
 All doubting on a sudden some Surprise.
 Each had his Sword in Hand now ready drawn,
 Knowing that place wou'd yield no Deer nor Fawn:
 But coming near, Sir *Heraud* was the one,
 Who with Embraces makes his Gladness known;
 The other was as dearly *Terry's* Friend.
 So then the Earl demanded to what End
 His Loving Cousin pass'd the Desert so?
My Lord (quoth he) *to bring you News of Woe;*
 Your noble Father is Besieged now
 By great Duke *Otten*, who by solemn Vow
 Protests, your Father's Castle by his Power
 About his Ears he will pull down much lower;
 In full Revenge that you his Love have got,
 He swears your Father's Life escape shall not.
His Love! quoth *Terry*, *prithee Ofile speak;*
Have I conjur'd thee any Peace to break?
Acquaint this Worthy Man with thy Soul's Thought;
Have I been Instigator unto Ought
That is unjust in righteous Heaven's sight?
My Dear (quoth *Ofile*) *you are most upright;*
That Wretch would force your Love from you away,
I will be yours unto my dying Day.
He claimeth that I ne're intend to give;
You shall enjoy me all the days I live,
And when I alter this Determination,
Let God and Man hold me in Detestation.

Well spoke, quoth *Guy*, Lady be constant ever.
 Keep Love's Foundation firm, alter it never,
 And Honour's Blemish; then you need not doubt.
 It is for Love, I range the World about.
 And do expose my self to Mortal Danger,
 In this Exiled State, an unknown Stranger:
 But *Terry*, wherefore dost thou look so sad?
 Thy Love in Person here is to be had,

But

mine in England I can but hope t' embrace,
 many Years have I not seen her Face;
 were enough to bring my Hopes to end,
 that my Patience is my dearest Friend.
 My Lord, quoth Terry, know you not my Grief,
 my distressed Father wants Relief:
 hear this Messenger relates the Cause:
 ere a Rebel unto Natures Laws,
 to Condole with him on this Extream,
 make his Trouble my true Sorrows Theme;
 if that be all, quoth Guy, thou art to blame,
 terrify Duke Otton with my Name;
 ere is no Cause to spend a Sigh thereon,
 him but hear I come, and he is gone.
 nothing between us may not be forgot,
 felt my Sword in France, but lik'd it not.
 ce that, against my Life a Plot he laid,
 Treachery with Vengeance was repaid
 Villains that surpriz'd me in a Wood;
 no ever knew a Traytors End prove good?
 sed Mishaps attend them evermore:
 brazen Bull *Perillus* first did roar.
 will go with thee to revenge thy Father,
 d Reason moveth it so much the rather,
 ne own Abuses therewith to requite,
 or the Oppressed I have vow'd to right)
 is Opportunity we'll not omit,
 ce your Occasion falleth out so fit.
 's hasten on with speed unto the place,
 he hold of Time before he turns his Face;
 venting Mischief e're too far it run,
 od proveth best when it is soonest done.
 like *Aeneas*, with a filial Joy,
 fetch thy old *Anchises* out of Troy.
 ouragious Knight, quoth Terry, thy bold Heart
 not be daunted: I perceive thou art

*Compos'd of Mars's Element, not Fear ;
Of powerful Limbs to manage Sword and Spear.
My Melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,
And with strong Hope arm'd me for my Defence.*

Now all in haste they post themselves away,
Where that Duke Otton and his Forces lay,
Relying on his Soldiers ample Sum.
They in short time unto the Castle come.
But when the Captains of Guy's coming knew,
They fled by Night, and never bid adieu ;
This was Discouragement to all the rest,
Yet resolutely did the Duke protest,
(Seeing their Leaders thus give ground and fly)
If each Man in the Castle were a Guy,
He wou'd not leave it basely and retire,
Tho' Life be dear, yet Honour's Place is higher.

Terry (quoth Guy) we must not tedious be,
Experience tells, when we Advantage see,
The Enemy by Fear himself subdues ;
Add Force to that, and Victory ensues.
We will not make our Prison in this place,
'Tis my Desire to meet the Duke's own Grace ;
As long as there is Field-room to be got,
I'll Combat him, because he loves me not.
If that you will not leave this House of Stone,
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.

Then with these Words Heraud and he depart,
The Soldiers Cry, Our General thou art,
Giving a Shout when Guy they did perceive,
Thy honourable Steps we will not leave ;
We are resolved to attend Thee still,
Let Fortune use us even as She will.
And thus courageously they march along,
Giving the Onser, fearless seem, and strong,
Making those Multitudes of fainting Foes
Retire themselves with slaughter'd Overthrows.

But

at when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers fly,
erish (quoth he) *base Villians, here I'll die.*
 Where is this *English-man*, that haunts my Ghost ?
 Challenge him to come and leave the Host,
 And meet my Resolution Face to Face,
 Since he pursueth me from place to place.
 Let equal Envy make his equal Match ;
 All Controversies we will now dispatch.

Agreed (quoth *Guy*) *proud Foe, I yield consent,*
Now thou hast liv'd to see thy Honour spent,
Wh. b worthy Men of all Things hold most dear,
Repent therefore, and make thy Conscience clear ;
The Noble-minded censure him with Shame
That lives to see the Death of his good Name.

Then tow'rd each other immediately they make,
 And Launces broke, their Swords in Hand they take.
 The Combat held extreemly violent,
 Fighting until great store of Blood was spent ;
 For Envy did the Dukes keen Weapon whet,
 And on *Guy's* Sword Revenge an edge did set.
 At length through loss of Blood the Duke fell down,
 Saying, he was betray'd by Fortune's frown :
 Now fond Felicity (quoth he) farewell,
 For this Experience to the World doth tell,
 There's nothing constant that the Earth contains,
 Death deals with Monarchs as it doth with Swains ;
 Bewitching Vanities seducing blind us,
As Death doth leave us, so will Judgment find us ;
 Greatness has great Accounts thereon depending,
 There's nothing like unto a happy ending :
 My dying Hour yields more repenting Grace
 Than in my Life I ever cou'd embrace.
 Th' immortal Soul did with those Words depart,
 And left his Body breathless, whilst *Guy's* Heart
 Such woful Sorrow did thereat sustain,
 He wished that the Duke he had not slain.

For

For true Humility Compassion shows,
 To see Affliction overburden Woes.
Guy sheath'd his Sword, and said, remain thou the
 No further Quarrel in the World I bear,
 Until I do arrive on *English* Shore,
 For love of *Phyllis* I will bleed no more.
 From her I've been indeed too long away,
 And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.
 So thence he rode to find Sir *Heraud* out,
 Went thro' a Desert compassed about
 With shady Trees, which kept the Sunbeams out,
 Where suddenly he met the hugest Boar
 That ever Mortal Eyes beheld before.
 This Beast run at him most exceeding fell,
 But he did shun his dreadful Tusks right well;
 And standing brave and bold upon his Guard,
 He laid upon his swinish Head so hard,
 That dead he left him, who had many slain,
 From forth that Wood no Man came back again.
 When this was done, *Heraud* he overtakes,
 And with his Purpose him acquainted makes,
 Telling him what a *Christmas* Brawn he slew,
 Therefore wou'd bid all Foreign Parts adieu,
 To see the heav'nly Object of his Heart.
Heraud consents, and they forthwith depart.

C A N T. IX.

*To England Guy returns, Phyllis to wed:
 At York gave Althelstone the Dragons Head.*

A Sifted now by nimble-winged Time,
Guy shapes his Course for *England* his own Clime;
 Forreign Adventures he resolves to leave,
 Love's first Reward from *Phyllis* to receive.

Heraud

Heraud and Guy arrive, and News is brought
 Unto the King thereof, longing in Thought
 To see such Subjects, matchless Men alone,
 In honouring England, and King Athelstone :
 To York they go, for there the King was then.
Welcome, quoth he, renowned Martial Men,
My Princely Love upon you I'll bestow,
Because your Duty you so humbly show ;
Your Fortunate Success Contentment breeds,
Fame came before, and brought us home your Deeds.
 Guy thou hast laid a heavy Hand, we hear,
 Upon the Necks of Pagans, with thy Spear
 And fatal Sword hast sent the Infidel
 To Horror's Vault, where Unbelievers dwell.
 Devouring Beasts thou hast likewise destroy'd,
 Who fearful humane Creatures have annoy'd :
 Yet worthy Man, I think thou ne'r didst slay
 A Creature crueller than at this day ;
 Destroys whate're he meets, Man, Woman, Child,
 Amongst those Monsters terrible and wild,
 Cattel and all he kills, none can withstand
 This dreadful Dragon in Northumberland.
 I speak not this to animate thee on,
 For divers to destroy this Beast have gone,
 But to their Friends never returned more,
 So hazard not thy Life, new come on shore.
 No, I only show how happy thou hast been,
 To free such Fears as other Men were in.

Dread Lord, quoth Guy, as I am English Knight,
 I will go see if that same Beast dare bite ;
 I will be Faithful to my God and King,
 And to your Grace this Dragons Head will bring.
 I found his Fellow with a Lyon fighting,
 And made him leave his scratching and his biting ;
 And as I dealt with that, I'll deal with this,
 Come, give me some Direction where he is,

*I humbly do beseech your Royal Grace,
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly Face;
Or your mild Favour never let me see,
Dragon or Devil, whatsoe'er he be.*

So humbly taking Leave, away he rides,
Having a dozen Knights which were his Guides,
Unto Northumberland; to find the Beast
That, like a Canibal, on Man does feast.

Behold, say they to Guy, that Cave's his Den.

It is enough, said he; do you remain;

He never shall devour a Man again,

Who with so many Bodies has been fed,

But now I will find out this Hydra's Head:

Now Gentlemen, if you will please to stay,

Sit on your Horses; and behold the Fray.

Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,
And forth he stalks, as soon as e'er Guy eyes him,
Of dreadful form, with lofty speckl'd Breast,
Guy quickly sets his Launce unto his Wrest,
Spurs on his Horse, and then at Dragon makes:
The bearing Ground at the Encounter shakes.

Then very lightly Guy doth turn his Horse,
And falls upon him with redoubled force;

The Dragon meets him with resisting Might
And like a Reed his Launce in two did bite.

*Nay then, quoth Guy, if to such Bites you fall,
I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal;*

Then drew his Sword, a keen and massy Blade;

So many wide and bloody Wounds he made,

Such furious Strokes from Guy so fiercely fell,

As made the Dragon gape like Mouth of Hell;

Roaring aloud with a most hideous Sound,

And with his Claws he rent and tore the Ground;
Impatient of the Smart he did sustain,

He thought with Wings to raise himself again,

But Guy pursu'd his Strokes with might and main,

That



That down he fell in Dirt and Blood dismay'd,
His wide devouring Jaws with froth bewray'd,
A flame of Fire seem'd to Issue thence.

*Now Fiend, (quoth Guy) take there thy Recompence
For all the humane Blood thy Jaws have shed.*

Then Guy did hew off his most ugly Head :

*Upon a part of this my broken Spear
Thy filthy Head unto the King I'll bear.*

The Knights (with Joys abounding) takes a view
Of his admir'd ugly Form and Hew,

With wonderment, that Mortals could escape

That frightful Creature, of so strange a shape ;

Whose Teeth and Claws were dreadful, sharp, & long,

Compos'd by Nature in a Beast so strong ;

When he had fix'd his Head upon his Spear,

Unto the King at *Lincoln* it he bare,

Who longed much of Guy's Return to hear.

*Preserve (quoth he) and save us from all Evil,
 Here is a Face may well affright the Devil !
 What staring Eyes of burning Glass are those !
 What scales of Harneſs arm that crooked Noſe !
 Cerberus had not ſuch Teeth, as I ſuppoſe :
 What yawning Mouth and forked Tongue is there !
 That being dead, may make the Living fear !
 Victorious Knight, thy Actions we admire,
 Throughout the ſpacious Orb thy Fame aſpires
 More lofty than the ſupream Sphere doth move :
 We place thee highly in our Kingly Love ;
 To the ſucceeding Ages of this Land,
 I will perpetuate thy Conquering Hand ;
 Which ſhall be thus, the Monſters Picture wrought
 By the beſt Hand, to Warwick ſhall be brought
 On Cloth of Arras, artificial, well,
 There to Remain, and after-Ages tell,
 That worthy Guy, a Man of matchleſs Strength,
 Deſtroy'd a Dragon Thirty Foot in length,
 And plac'd his Head here on the Caſtle Wall.
 You Nobles make Triumphant Feſtival,
 Afford our Knight all Honours due and fit
 For Memory, till Time ſhall ruine it.
 Troy's Hector's Dead and cannot thee ſurvive ;
 But England's Hector ſtill remains alive.*

By this Report (the only Linguist living)
 Has been with Phyllis, of her Lover giving
 Such Fame and Glory, for to make her glad,
 As never any greater Worthy had.

Tells all the Deeds of Wonder he has done,
 From the firſt Action that his Hands begun.

*Phyllis impatient of this wiſh'd-for fight
 To Lincoln ſpeeds, and entertains her Knight
 With kind Embraces, Kiſſes, and Delight.
 Guy in requital makes his Gladneſs known,
 And in his Arms he now enjoys his own.*

Forgetful Lover, and too slow, quoth she,
 What! seek a Dragon e're you look't for me?
 What! hazard Life before you come or send
 (I fear you did not mind your dearest Friend)
 To know if I remain in happy State?
 Some jealous Woman wou'd suppose 'twere hate,
 But sure I do not, for I speak my Heart:
 Guy! welcome to thy Phyllis now thou art,
 Would I had been the first thou saw'st on shore,
 Thou never hadst gone forth a fighting more:
 No, thou hast fought too much, thy Looks bewray,
 Stern Countenance has stole thy Smiles away.
 For thou hast almost quite forgot to chuse it,
 But that is well, it seems you did not use it
 In Forreign Parts abroad, where you have been;
 But that lost Lesson you must new begin.

I will (quoth he) dear Heart, now mind my Book;
 Tell me but only when I have mistook
 In reading rashly, if I overskip,
 I'll kiss my Lesson on your Coral Lip;
 If I'm too negligent in taking pain,
 Then turn me back to conn my Task again.
 But Lady, one Exception I will make
 The Horn-book of all other I'll forsake,
 What Line soever you do put me to;
 For willingly I wou'd not have to do
 With that cross Row, cross upon many, when
 Women do teach it unto Married Men;

Kind Sir (quoth she) be quiet, I'll ne're chuse it,
 Once as the latter Simple I did use it,
 It fits two sorts, a Courtezan and Child,
 But for the other, rather be beguil'd
 Than to deceive; the second Horn-book's nought;
 Teach it not me, and it shall ne're be taught.

Guy smil'd, and said, then let us Warwick see;
 Because it had the bringing up of thee:

The Famous History of

Of all the World, that Place I do love best,
 For there first with thy Beauty I was blest.
 I love the Castle and the Castle Ground,
 Where first thy fair and charming Face I found.
 Let's hasten on, to hear this sacred Voice,
 I Guy take Phyllis (*for she is my Choice*)
To be my dearest and my wedded Wife,
 And you repeat it even so long as Life,
 And then the next will be, *God give us Joy,*
And send my Father's Heir a Gallant Boy.

One of his most valiant Deeds
 was this, as we are told :
 A wild Dun-Cow *Dunsmore* it breeds,
 which by this Hero bold
 Destroyed was, upon that Heath,
 altho' six Yards in length,



And four Yards said to be in breadth,
large Horns, and of vast Strength ;
Most swift of Foot and mighty fierce
she was, as they declare,
Then who can tell but such a Beast
might run and catch a *Hare* ?
Let it suffice that Mischiefs great
by this Dun-Cow was done,
Which being known, the King hears it
with Grief, and thereupon
He promises a large Reward
to him that wou'd her kill,
And Honour too, such great regard
he had for's Subjects ill.
Then after many others had
their Courage vainly try'd,
Guy was of this Encounter glad
poor Dun-Cow by him dy'd :
For with his Battle-Ax he struck
her over Head and Brow,
That down she fell with that great knock ;
then murther'd was the Cow.
Which being known, the People crowd
with Presents to brave *Guy*,
And now his Praises sing aloud,
he made this Beast to dye.
To th' King likewise this Conquest came,
who sent for *Guy* with Joy,
Gave Wealth and Honour to his Fame,
freed from so great annoy ;
And then in all the People's sight
his Joy did so express,
That there he made Sir *Guy* a Knight,
for he could do no less ;
Of which Sir *Guy* we more will speak,
a Champion bold and stout,

Who evermore wou'd help the weak,
 and bear the strongest our.
 Distressed Ladies help wou'd he,
 and Captives bound in Chains,
 And wronged Knights from Tyrants free ;
 true Love was all his Gains :
 And all was for fair *Phyllis* sake,
 he ventur'd Life and Limb,
 Who fought the stoutest Champion
 that durst encounter him.
 The Earl of *Warwick's* Daughter high
 was *Phyllis* tall and trim,
 The flower of *England* for delight,
 too high of Birth for him ;
 For he was but, as I may say,
 her Fathers Stewards Son,
 Yet *Venus* Laws he must obey,
 tho' he had Honour won.

C A N T. X.

*Guy marries Phyllis, and when four Days gone,
 Pennance and Pilgrimage resolves upon.*

THE happiest Day that Lovers long expect,
 And all the Honours Marriage can effect,
 Or frankly give to grace the Wedding Feast,
 Is now obtain'd to give Desire rest.
 King *Athelstone* and his renowned Queen
 At this great Nuptial in their Pomp were seen,
 The Nobles rich and costly in Attire,
 Ladies of Honour (as their Ranks require)
 With Worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,
 Attend upon the Bridegroom and his Bride ;
 There wanting nothing Wit of Man could find

To

To please the Eye, or to content the Mind,
Masks, Midnight Revels, Tilts and Tournament,
Banquers, might give great *Jupiter* Content,
Abundant all things, with a plenty Hand,
As if the King himself shou'd Feast the Land.

Soon after all these Things were consummate, }
Earl *Roband* dies by an unhappy Fate, }
And to Sir *Guy* bequeath'd his whole Estate,
Who is created *Earl of Warwick* then,
And so is rank'd with *England's* Noble-men ;
But in the Glory of his high applaud,
When every Tongue his Fame and Fortune laud,
Enjoying all that did partake Delight,
Himself converts the Sunshine Days to Night ;
By thinking what the World might Judge, bethought
And counted all but vain that he had sought.
Oft would he sit and meditate alone,
Then to himself with Sighs and grievous Groan,
In looking back what Step his Youth had trod ;
Pardon he cried thou just Incensed God ;
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace,
But spent my time about a Womans Face ;
In Blood for Beauty thro' the World I ran,
For Beauty I have killed many a Man,
In Pride of Heart preferring *Phyllis* Feature,
Hating all others for one mortal Creature :
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost Power,
But for my Sins not spent one weeping Hour.
Now to implore kind Heaven I'll begin,
In contrite Pennance for my former Sin
I'll vow to spend the Remnant of my days,
That God may pardon all my erring Ways,
Which Flesh and Blood were so deceived by :
Unto the World I will go learn to dye.
Let me be censur'd even as Mortals please ;
Ambition's Pride has been my Youths Disease :

I'll please my God in all things may be done ;
 I'll teach Age Meekness e're my Glass be run,
 And change my Voice: Wealth, Beauty, World, farewell,
 To purchase Heaven I will defie proud Hell.

Phyllis perceives his Melancholy State :

My Lord (quoth she) *why are you chang'd of late ?*
As I share Joy, let me share Sorrow too ;
This I crave of you, and most mildly woo :
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence
I will with Tears perform due Recompense.

No, my dear Love, quoth *Guy*, no Cause in thee,
 By Light of Grace my sinful State I see,
 'Tis with my self I discontented strive,
 Who am as dead, although I am alive.
Phyllis, my Sins, my countless Sins appear,
 Crying, *Repent, thy guilty Conscience clear.*
 I must (as one did by his dearest Wife)
 Vow Chastity perpetual all my Life ;
 Entreating thee (ev'n as thou lov'st my Soul)
 To Pardon me, not urging my controul.
 Hast thou not heard of one with Child would taste
 Of Love no more, another caus'd t' live chaste
 Two Husbands ? then be *Phoenix* of this Realm,
 And leave thy Virtues an admired Theme
 To the succeeding Age of Iron Days,
 Those imitate and win immortal Praise ;
 I know thou canst, thy greatest Part's divine,
 Where Heart is carnal, 'twill to Flesh incline,
 Thou didst oblige me, (tho' I do excuse it)
 To shew my Valour, but I did abuse it ;
 My Pride by Conquests did obtain thy Love,
 My Heart and Thoughts aspired far above
 The Crowns and Sceptres of most potent Kings,
 I held their Diadems inferiour Things ;

But

But now I'll put them in one Total Sum,
A Man of other Fashion I'll become ;
Such Follies I shall now condemn to dye,
Much better Travels for my Soul to try.
Not as before, in Armour on my Steed,
But in a Gown of grey, a Palmers Weed ;
Obscure my Journey, for I'll take no Leave.
Here take my Ring, this Token thou receive,
And wear the same, to make thee think of me :
My only Leave is endless Love to thee ;
Give me thy Ring, which for thy sake I'll keep,
Till Death shall close my Eyes with their last Sleep.

When this was said, how did she wring her Hands !
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands ;
Her Sighs and Tears might well be deemed much ;
But the Devotion of that Age was such,
They held them Blessed could themselves retire
To Solitude, and leave the World's desire.
Now is his Princely Habit laid away,
And his best Habit's homespun Country grey ;
A Staff, a Scrip, a Schollopshell in's Hat,
Nor to be known, nor once admired at.
And thus with pensive Heart, and doleful Tears,
He leaves his Dear, who Face of Sorrow wears
And Countenance all mournful ; all Delight
Is banish'd now, all with Eternal Night.
Guy travels on to *Sion's* holy Ground,
Wherein our Saviour's Sacred Head was Crown'd,
Where some time since the *Jews* fair City stood,
And where for Sinful Men he shed his Blood :
To see his Sepulchre was *Guy's* Intent,
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.
With tedious Toil he tir'd his weary Feet,
At last did with a sad Disaster meet ;

A Man

A Man that unto Sorrow was no Stranger,
 As he pass'd Desert places full of Danger,
 Had fifteen Sons, and they were Captives all
 In slavish Bondage and extreamest Thrall.
 Shut up in Gyant's Castle, chain'd by Strength:
 Guy asked where, and understands at length
 'Twas not far off; *Lend me thy Sword*, quoth he,
I'll use my Manhood all thy Sons to free.
 With that he goes, and lays upon the Door,
 The Gyant never was so rouz'd before,
 Like one that says, *I must and will come in*;
 For no such knocking at his Gates had been.
 The Gyant takes his Club, and coming out
 Staring with Wrathful Countenance about;



Sirrah, quoth he, *what Business hast thou here?*
Dost thou suppose a Ransom thee can clear,

Who in the reach of this my Fury falls ?
 Art come to feast the Crows about these Walls ?
 For making me to take a Porter's Pains,
 With this same Club I will dash out thy Brains.

Sirrah, (quoth Guy) y'are quarrelsome I see,
 Dexterous with your Club belike you be ;
 Hollier and you seem very near akin ;
 Have been better arm'd, tho' now go thin :
 But shew thy utmost Rage, enlarge my Sp'rite ;
 Here is a *Weapon* that must do me Right.
 He draws his Sword, salutes him with the same,
 And at his Head and Shoulders he did aim :
 The Gyant's Club rais'd up, did Death betide,
 Standing with huge *Collossus* spacious stride,
 Adding great Vigour to his knotty Beam,
 Much like a Furnace he did smoak extream,
 But on the Ground he spent his Strokes in vain ;
 For even ere he heav'd his Club again,
 Guy was so nimble to avoid him still,
 And drub'd his plated Coat against his will.
 At such Advantage he wou'd never fail,
 But beat him soundly in his Coat of Mail ;
 At length thro' Thirst *Amarant* feeble grew,
 And said to Guy, Give Natures Wants their due ;
 Shew it in this, if thou'rt of humane Race :
 Let me but go and drink in yonder Place ;
 Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,
 Than to grant Life that's given by a Spring.

I give thee leave (quoth Guy) go drink thy last,
 Succeed those Tragedies which now are past :
 Do pledge the Dragon and the savage Boar,
 But never think to drink cold Water more ;
 Drink deep to Death, and after that Carouse,
 Let him receive thee in his cold Clay House.

So to the Spring he hies, to quench his Thirst,
 Drinking so much that he was like to burst;
 He scoop'd it in so fast with both his Hands,
 That *Guy* admiring to behold it stands.
 Come on (quoth he) let us to work again;
 The Fish that in the River do remain
 Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them Wrong
 Thou art about thy Liquor over-long;
 But I will see their Satisfaction made;
 With Gyant's Blood they must and shall be paid.

*Villain, (quoth Amarant) I'll crush thee strait,
 This Club (which is about a hundred weight)
 Is Death's Commission to dispatch thee hence,
 Thy Life shall pay thy daring Tongue's Offence:
 For Ravens Diet dress thee I must needs,
 And break thy Bones as if they were but Reeds.*

Incensed much by this proud *Pagans* boasts,
 He hews upon those big supporting Posts,
 Which like two Pillars did the Body bear:
 His boasting *Guy* could not endure to hear.
 The Gyant (wounded sore) in Choler grows,
 And desperately at *Guy* his Club he throws,
 Which did directly on his Body light,
 That down to Ground on sudden came our Knight;
 So violent and weighty 'twas withal,
 That e're he could recover from the fall,
 The Gyant got a Club again in's Fist,
 And struck a Stroke which wonderfully mist.

Traytor, quoth *Guy*, thy falshood I'll repay;
 This Coward I will murther any way.
 Says *Amarant*, So I can take thy Blood,
 With Enemies all Vantages are good;
 Could I but Poyson in thy Nostrils blow,
 Thou shou'dst be sure I wou'd dispatch thee so.

'Tis well (said Guy) thy truest Thoughts appear,
 Within thy Beastly bulk Devils dwell there;
 Which are thy Tenants whilst thou livest here.
 Vile Miscreant, prepare thee for their Den,
 Inhuman Monster, hateful unto Men;
 But breath thy self a while, till I go drink,
 For Phœbus with his burning heat, I think,
 Tormenteth me so with his fiery Eye,
 My Thirst wou'd serve to drink an Ocean dry;
 Forbear a little as I dealt with thee,

Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no Fool of me;
 No, simple *Wretch*, my Father taught more *Wise*
 To use a Foe; and I rejoyce at it
 Thou thirsty art; for all the World contains,
 One drop of Water shall not cool thy Veins;
 Relieve my Foe! that were a Mad-mans part,
 If thou imagin this, a Child thou art;
 No, I am wiser; now I know thy Want,
 A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.
 And with these Words heaving aloft his Club,
 He shakes his Locks, and does his Temples rub;
 Sirrah, said he, I have thee at a list,
 Thou now art come unto thy latest shift:
 Perish for ever with this Stroke I lend thee,
 Thou need'st not call for Drink, for now I'll end thee.
 Here's at thee with a Butchers downright Blow,
 To please my Fury with thy Overthrow.

Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (said Guy)
 Thou art an hellish Imp of Cruelty
 Such kindness I shew'd thee, me to deny:
 With more Revenge than e're my Sword did make
 On thy accursed Head Revenge I'll take;
 Thy Gyants Altitude shall shorter shrink:
 Farewel my Thirst, now Water I'll not drink,

But

But let wild Beasts be welcome thereunto,
 With those Pearl-drops I will not have to do.
 Here Tyrant, take a taste of my Good-will,
 Thou canst not chuse but take this greeting ill,
 Thy Club it shall not save thee, nor thy Skill:
 Then take this Păyment on thy shagged Crown.
 A Blow that brought him with a Vengeance down,
 Then *Guy* the Monster's Breast did now bestride,
 And from his Shoulders did his Head divide,
 Whose Mouth gap'd so, no Dragons Jaws more wide
 Were seen tō ope and shut, till Life was spent:
 So *Guy* took's Keys, and to the Castle went,
 Where many woeful Captives he did find,
 But he most friendly did them all unbind.
 Each told a Tale with Tears, and Sighs, and Cries,
 All weeping to him with complaining Eyes:
 There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,
 Who humane Flesh were fed with every day:
 Some with their Lovers Bodies had been fed,
 And so they had their Husbands buried.

Now searching to enlarge the Wronged there,
 As he went on, more Clamours great did hear.
 At length he finds a dark and obscure Gate,
 Arm'd strongly over all with Iron plate;
 That he unlocks, and enters, where appears.
 Men look'd as dead, famish'd for many Years;
 Divers of whom were hanged by the Thumb,
 Others Head downward, by the Middle some:
 With diligence he takes them from the Walls;
 Then the perplexed Knight their Father calls,
 And says, *I promis'd thy Sons Lives, mind that,*
But did not warrant you they shou'd be fat;
The Tyrant's Castle take, for here's the Keys;
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease;
For pity's sake all wronged Women please:

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*Men eas'ly may revenge the Deeds Men do,
But poor weak Women have not Strength thereto.*

The good old Man, now overjoy'd with this,
Fell on the Ground, thinking Guy's Feet to kiss:
Father forbear, such Deeds wou'd be amiss;
Ambitious Pride has hurt me all it can,
I'll go and mortify a Sinful Man.

C A N T. XI.

*Guy travels on in painful Pilgrim's Life,
Whilst his sad Spouse remains his virtuous Wife.*

BEhold the Man that sought Contentions out,
And for his *Venus* sought the World about:
His Recreations was in angry Arms,
To find out dreadful Combats, fierce Alarms;
From former Disposition alienate,
Shuns all occasion may procure Debate;
In his own Wrong by Vow he will not strike,
Abuses could not force him to dislike:
Let Injury impose what Strife can do,
For he has now fram'd Nature thereunto,
And taken Patience by the Hand for's Guide,
To lead his Thoughts where Meekness doth abide:
No Worldly Joy can give his Mind Content;
His only Care is how he may repent,
And fashion Age to look like contrite Sorrow,
That little Time to come, Life doth but borrow:
His Looks were sad, Complexion pale and wan,
His Life he lead like a Religious Man,
His Habit mean, his Honour quite forgot,
His *Warwick's* Earldom he now valued not.

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Sometimes he wou'd descend into a Grave,
 And there with rotten Corps Discourse wou'd have
 Examining, wou'd answer for the Dead
 His own Objections in the Dead-man's stead:
 If thou hast been a Monarch, where's thy Crown?
 Death has made Conquest of thy great Renown;
 Thy Golden Sceptre now is tumbl'd down,
 And taken from thee by another King,
 And thou in Dust art made a rotten Thing.
 Hast thou been some great Councillor of State?
 Where is the Policy thou hadst of late?
 Thou hast not so much Wit as will suffice
 To kill the Worms that in thy Coffin lies.
 Perhaps thou hadst some beautiful Ladies Face,
 Like to my *Phyllis*, in my loving Case,
 For whom strange Adventures have been wrought,
 As I abroad have for my Dearest sought.
 Perhaps about this Scull there was a Skin
 Fairer then *Hellens* was inclosed in;
 And Crystal Eyes to those two hollow Caves,
 And here such Lips as Love for Kissing craves;
 But where's the Substance of this Beauty sent?
 By powerful Death unto the Dust it went;
 And what a Picture of it doth remain,
 To tell the Wise, *all Beauty is but vain!*

Such Memories he often wou'd prefer,
 To teach the Flesh how apt it is to err;
 Thus wou'd he in the World's contempt reprove
 All that seduce the Soul from Heavenly Love.
 Now *Guy* is left to aged Grief and Cares,
 Having left *Phyllis*, his sad Spouse, who wears
 Like to a Widow, nothing but black Attire,
 And to express her Sorrow, doth retire
 Into a Chamber, that's her chief Desire,
 Where to remain she fully is inclin'd,
 So great's her Passion, and so sad's her Mind.

She that of late was chief of *English* Court,
 With Majesty no longer will consort;
 But lives a Life like one that hates Life's being,
 With Judgments Eyes far into Folly seeing;
 She every day unto the World did dye,
 And does observe how fast false Pleasures fly,
 Leaving for every taste of vain delight,
 A greater heap of Cares than Pen can write.
 Her Thoughts run after her departed Lord:
What Place (quoth she) can Rest to thee afford,
Who Pilgrim-like hast thus forsaken me?
 Thus travell'd in conceit as fast as he;
 Oh sad laments! my Soul your burthen bears,
 To think poor *Guy* remembers me in Tears.
 Methinks he sits now by a River side,
 Methinks that *Phyllis*, *Phyllis*, loud he cry'd,
 Then rising up, he runs with might and main,
 Saying, sweet *Eccho* bring my Love again.
 Then comes he to a Cypress-Tree, and says,
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 But now 'tis nought but Boughs, and Leaves, & Tree,
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 And then methinks he sits him sadly down,
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 As thy Advice was when thou didst depart,
 Altho' when I was Maid, by Lovers Art
 Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife,
 I now resolve on Vestal Virgins Life;

I vow by Heaven, and all the Pow'rs divine
 To keep my Thoughts as constant as are thine;
 My Beauty I will blemish all I may,
 By Abstinence I will attain the way
 To overcome the force of Sins Temptation,
 With Tears, and Sighs, and doleful Lamentation,
 This Sentence I have often read and seen,
A Womans Chastity is Virtue's Queen;
 Spare Dyet shall become my daily fare,
 The Soul thrives best that keeps the Body bare;
 The Courtly Ornament I wore of late,
 With all my Jewels and my Robes of State,
 Shall with their price and value now supply
 Those naked Poor that in the Streets do lye;
 The Gold and Silver that I do possess,
 Shall purchase my Eternal Happiness;
 All that in want to *Warwick* Castle come
 To crave Relief, I will afford them some;
 For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide;
 For Widows and poor Fatherless beside;
 For young Beginners, their Estates to raise,
 And for Repairing of decay'd High-ways;
 This I account to be the Heavenly Thrift,
 To give the Riches we receive by Gift,
 That after this short stinted Life's decay,
 We may have Life and Everlasting Day.
 Rejected World, of thee I take my leave,
 Thy Shows are Snares, and all thy Hopes deceive;
 Of thy false Pleasures I as much have seen
 As she that bears the Title of a Queen;
 I could attend on *Guy* in strange Disguise,
 As *Sulpice* to see *Lentule* did devise,
 Or *Hypsicrata*, who in Man's Attire
 Follow'd her Exil'd King thro' Loves desire;
 'Twou'd something ease my Sorrow-wounded Heart,
 As when Affliction takes Afflictions part,

In Pilgrimage he many Years bestows,
That all his Friends him dead did now suppose ;
For no Report that came cou'd e're relate
His Life, his Being, or his present State ;
Of *Guy* the World did not know what to say,
Was never known, nor fear'd in simple gray ;
For unto none he wou'd his Name disclose,
Nor of his Mind and Countery make shows,
But liv'd obscure, until his Mind was led,
To come and lay his Bones where he was bred.

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And takes the Pride of *Phæbus* quite away,
Preſenting us with drowſy heavy Sleep,
Death's Memory in careful Thoughts to keep ;
So Youth, the Day of Nature's Strength and Beauty,
Muſt yield to Age the final mortal Dury ;
When length of Years brings ancient Ev'ning on,
Time irrevocable is poſting on.
This Cogitation in *Guy's* Breſt appears,
And now he finds himſelf a Man in Years,
Therefore, before his Daze of Life expire,
He now reſolves to *England* to retire.
There to bury'd where he had been born,
To end his Evening where he had his Morn,
And let that Body reſt in *Engliſh* Ground,
Which thro' the World no reſting place had found.
When he arriv'd on his Native Shore,
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The King of *Denmark*, whoſe deſtroying Hand
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 When he arriv'd on his Native Shore,
 He found his Country arm'd with Troops great ſtore;
 The King of *Denmark*, whoſe deſtroying Hand
 A mighty Army did ſecurely land;

And marched from the Coast with devastation,
 Working great Terror unto all the Nation ;
 Destroying Towns, Villages set on Fire,
 King *Athelstone* was forced to retire
 To *Winchester*, which when the *Danes* once knew,
 Towards that City all their Strength they drew ;
 Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,
 They wanted Cannon-Keys to let them in ;
 Their Walls of Stone invincible were then,
 Destructive Powder was not known by Men ;
 The Devil had not taught his Monks the Smoke ;
 A Soldier's Honour was in Manly Stroke.
 Thus seeing *Winchester* could not be won,
 With Challenge they will have all Quarrels done ;
 An *Englismen* must Combat with a *Dane*,
 And that King lose which had his Champion slain.



With that a huge great Gyant did appear,
 Daring such Foxes small to meet him there,
 If e're a one his Manhood durst disclose,
 Or else the *English* were but dastard Foes;
 Cravens both crow and strike on Dunghills dare,
 Is *English* Courage now become so rare
 That none dare Fight, the Tho'ts of Death so scare?
 Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted Fools,
 Afraid to look on Martial Manly Tools;
 What Lyes of their great Deeds in Forreign Lands
 Have I been told were done by *English* Hands!
 But now I find this Proverb true herein,
 That it is good to sleep in a whole Skin.
 Thus did he vaunt in Terms of proud Disdain,
 Till Guy at length no longer could refrain,
 But goes unto the King and says, My Lord,
 This Combat to your unknown Knight afford;
 For tho' in simple Habit I am hid,
 I ne're attempted ought but what I did,
 This Colbron of his Life I now will rid.

Quoth Athelstone, Thy Palmers Voice I like;
 God grant thou may'st with Pow'r and Vigour strike,
 And that thy Foot upon thy Foe may tread.
 Amen, quoth Guy; then went, by Courage led,
 Forth Winchester's North-gate, unto Hide Mead,
 Where that same Monster of a Man he found,
 Treading at every Step two Yards of Ground.

Will Athelstone venture his Crown on thee?
 Can he not find a fitter Match for me?
 Where's all his Knights and worthy Champions now?
 I scorn to touch so mean a Slave as thou.

Monster, (said Guy) Manhood shou'd never rail;
 A Soldier's Weapon best can tell his Tale;
 My Sword shall let thee Blood, whilst thou canst bleed;
 And write thy Death, for all the Danes to read.

Then *Guy* begun, - and on his Armour laid,
 But *Colbron* watch'd with Club to meet his blade,
 Thinking to break it at first blow he made;
 But *Guy* was sure his Sword wou'd hold out play,
 It had been trusted many a cruel fray;
 And therefore boldly he presum'd thereon
 To beat the Lubber till his Breath. was gone:
 So great his Club was, it made Earth give way,
 And Devil like about him fierce he lay;
 So long they held this stern and cruel Fight,
 That divers Wounds to *Colbron's* share did light,
 Which pleas'd the *English*, and gave *Guy* Content,
 By active Courage Danger to prevent.

Quoth *Colbron*, Mercy crave, and Fight forbear.
Villain, (quoth *Guy*) I scorn thy Cowards fear;
 For we'll not part till one of us be dead;
 My King has ventur'd England on my Head;
 For twenty Denmarks, (if they could be found)
 I will not yield an Inch of English Ground:
 Altho' thy Body's bigger much than mine,
 I have a Heart bigger by odds than thine.
 Think on thy Grandfir Gogmagog at Dover,
 How by a Britain he was tumbl'd over;
 For his bold Challenge, he had such a Check,
 There was no Surgeon could amend his Neck.
 Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sor,
 I am no Christian if I fail one jot;
 Then take thy Tools up, honour now thy King,
 Upon thy Manhood lies a mighty thing.
 And then with force he combats him afresh,
 Which gashes wide made in the Gyants flesh,
 Laying about him in most cruel rage,
 Till the next Wound did all his heat assuage;
 Mortal it was, and brought him down to Ground,
 A Shout from Town then made the Skies to sound;
 Great

Great Joy was made by every *English* Heart,
And all the *Danes* with Grief and Shame depart.
King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,
Who honour'd was by all the Clergymen,
Embraced by the Nobles, and Renown'd,
With Martial Musick, Drums and Trumpets sound,
But little Pleasure Guy did take therein,
Refusing costly Presents when brought in,
He thank'd his God, that blest him with an hour
To free his Country from invading Power;
And so intreats that he may pass unknown,
And be beholden to the help of none;
Then said, *Content* doth such a Treasure bring,
It makes the Beggar richer than a King.
Content in Caves, that's free from all resort,
He chose to find, and not in Monarchs Court,
For there's Ambition, Pride, and Envy seen,
And fawning Flatt'ry stepping in between.

Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree
To tell thy Name in private unto me,
And where thou wilt abide, and I'll conceal it,
As I am England's King, I'll not reveal it.

Why then (my Leige) I'm Guy of Warwick nam'd,
Who long have been abroad, but now am tam'd
By ancient Age, which taught me with dread Prince,
The World of many Follies to convince,
And now am come to bring my Bones to Grave
In my own Country, yet you only have
Notice of my Return, and not my Wife,
Till Sicknefs comes to take away my Life;
Then I'll acquaint her with my last Farewel.
The King into the greatest Joy then fell,
And said, *Most worthy Earl*, (claspt in his Arms)
Come live with us, thou freer of our Harms!
It grieves my Soul, thou hast resolved now;
Oh, that I could prevent thy sacred Vow;

But

But 'tis too late, I fear that thou art fixt;
 Yet honour'd Man, my Soul with Joy is mixt,
 Thou bring'st thy Bones here where thy Deeds shall last;
 Till future Ages of the World are past;
 In Warwick Castle shall thy Sword be plac'd,
 Lest thy great Deeds by Time should be defac'd;
 To Castle-Keeper I'll present a Fee,
 To keep thy Sword in Memory of thee;
 Thy Armour likewise, and thy warlike Spear,
 Shall be preserv'd very careful there.
 That this is truth, distrustful Minds shall know,
 A King doth scorn to cozen People so.
 And in my Chappel, distant but a Mile,
 A Bone shall be hung up, which was long while
 Near Coventry, of that same cruel Beast,
 Whose Rib by measure was Six foot at least;
 Destroying many that did pass that Way,
 Until thy Manhood did the Creature slay;
 That in succeeding Ages Men may tell,
 Guy slew the Beast that many Men did quell:
 This the true Picture of his Shape and length,
 And this the Spear did oft express his Strength,
 For sure I hold it but a grateful thing,
 The Worth of matchless Guy in Fame shou'd ring.
 Thy Countrymen wou'd prove too far unkind,
 When out of Sight they leave thee out of Mind.

This said, Guy goes with humble leave most meek
 Some solitary Den or Cave to seek,
 And so live poorly in the hollow Ground,
 Making his Meat of Herbs, and Roots he found.
 Sometimes for Alms unto his Spouse he'd go,
 Who unto Pilgrims did most Bounty show;
 And she wou'd ask all Palmers that came there,
 If at the Holy Land they never were;
 Or if an English Lord they had not seen,
 Who many Years away from thence had been,

ll last
A Knight ne'r Conquer'd ; only she did fear
The Tyrant Death, that Conquers every where ;
But Gracious Heav'n grant, if he be dead,
Upon the Earth I may no longer tread.

This oft he heard his Wife with Tears enquire,
Yet Comfort he gave not to her desire ;
But look'd upon her as his Heart wou'd break,
Then turn'd away for fear his Tongue shou'd speak ;
And so departs with weeping to his Den,
Setting before his Eyes the Scalps of Men,
Saying, *I hope e're long to dwell with thee,*
For this bad Flesh despised is by me ;
My Soul is weary of so ill a Guest
And doth desire to be at home in Rest ;
My Limbs grow feeble, Sicknes grieves my Heart,
To Happiness, I hope, I soon shall part ;
Taking this Enemy which long I've fed,
By whom my Soul has been so much misled.
To my dear Phyllis I will send this Ring
Lest Death prevent, I'll not defer the thing.
Metinks I feel Death now approach apace,
And poor weak Nature doth of course give place.
So call'd a Shepherd, whom he straitway sent,
And told him, that it was of great moment
To Warwick Castle with speed to repair,
And for the Countess ask, with trusty Care
Deliver thou this Ring to her own Hand,
And say, the Ancient Pilgrim which did stand
To beg an Alms in Blessed Jesus Name,
But lately at your Gates, has sent this same ;
And if she ask thee where I do remain,
Direct her hither, she'll require thy pain.
Sir, (quoth the Herdsman) *I shall be asham'd,*
Nay, more, and't please you, I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to such a great Man's Wife,
Who ne'er durst speak to Lady in my life ;

Besides,

*Besides, if I should lose it by the Way,
Then what wou'd you and Madam Phyllis say?*

Prithee, (said Guy) frame not such idle Doubt,
The Thing is honest which thou goest about,
No Prejudice can light on thee at all,
And for it none can thee in question call,
A Courteous Ear the Lady will thee lend,
Upon my Warrant, fear you nothing Friend.

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes
The Token, but the Countess Wonder makes,
Most great Stupendious Wonder, which she seeing,
Ab Friend! (said she) *where is my Husband's Being?*

Husband! (said he) *that's not what I do bring,
'Twas from a Beggar old I had this Ring;
His House is neither made of Wood nor Stone,
But under Ground in Cell he lives alone.*



*Ab! 'tis my Guy, (said she) shew me the Cell,
And for thy Pains I'll surely pay thee well.
So he directs her to that lonesome place,
Where she with Tears embrac'd her Lord long space:
Long time they two had not a Word to speak,
Till Guy's Discretion Sorrow's Door did break:*

*Phyllis, quoth he, now take thy leave of Guy,
Within thy Arms I do desire to dye,
I sent to see thee e're my Sight decay,
And I am snatch'd from thy sweet Soul away.
Thou gav'st me Alms at Warwick-Castle late,
'Tis blessedness to pity Poor-man's State.*

*Look not so strange, bewail not so my Dear, }
Plenty of Tears I've shed since I came here }
Of true Remorse, as I can safely swear.
Thou cry'st not now because I wept no more,
But to behold me Friendless, helpless, poor.*

*Wife, I have found the place that I desire,
The Heaven to which the Soul ought to aspire,
Tho' few endeavour for eternal Rest,
All Worldly Things we must leave and detest,
'Tis full of Devils, which on poor Souls do wait
And drag them into a distressed State.*

*My Youth on thee I spent, and then he wept,
But for my God have only Old-age kept;
Sorrow lies heavy on my Soul for this,
But, O my Christ! pardon what's done amiss;
In that I have destroy'd so many Men,
Therefore in this poor solitary Den
I sought my Peace with that great God above,
Even for one Woman to enjoy her Love,
Gainst whom by Sin I have been more misled,
Than there be Hairs upon my hoary Head.*

*At length he being taken sick and ill,
Did make his own last Testament and Will.*

His

His WILL.

E*ven in the Name of God, whose mighty Power
 Created all things to this Instant Hour,
 My Soul I give to him that gave it me
 Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee:
 I owe a Debt of Life that's due to Death,
 A very Vapour of a little Breath,
 And when 'tis paid him he can ask no more,
 Tho' now I wish he'd had it long before;
 But here's my Comfort, if he come or stay,
 'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day;
 I owe the World a Stock of Wealth that's lent,
 Less wou'd have given Nature more Content,
 When I did enter Traffic with the same.
 'Tis Happiness to want a Rich Man's Name.
 World, leave me naked, as I did begin,
 I ask but one poor Sheet to wrap me in;
 I do bequeath more Sins than I can number,
 Even from my Cradle unto Death's dead slumber,
 My evil Deeds that in a countless Sum
 All past, all present, all that are to come,
 To him that made them burthensome to me;
 Satan, receive them, for they came from thee.
 I give good Thoughts and every virtuous deed
 To him from whom all Goodness doth proceed.
 I was conceived, bred and born in Sin,
 And all my Life most vile and vain hath been:*

I give to Sorrow all my Sighs and Cries,
 I give Repentance, Tears and watery Eyes;
 Which surely shews where true Conversion lies.
 Earth give a Grave, or Sea become a Tomb,
 Jesus unto my Soul do thou grant room;
 Phyllis, I faint, farewell true loyal Wife,
 I trust to meet thee in a better Life,
 Where Tears shall wiped be from weeping Eyes;
 Give me thy Prayers therefore, thy Husband dies:
 Come blessed Spirit, come in Jesus Name,
 Receive my Soul, to him convey the same.

This done, he laid his Head upon her Breast,
 And sigh'd away his Life to endless Rest,
 Whilst mournful Phyllis, well nigh dead with woe;
 Doth too abundant Sighs and Tears bestow,
 As her distracted Senses plainly show,
 Beating her Breast, till Breast and Heart be sore,
 Wringing her Hands till she cou'd wring no more;
 Then sighing said, *Ab Death! my Sorrows cause,*
Thou hast my Dear in thy devouring Faws,
Since loathsome Breath my vital Spirits draws,
Do me this Favour to requite this ill,
To strike the Stroke that all my Cares can kill:
Let me not live to see to Morrows Light,
But make me as this Carcase now in sight:
His Deeds of Wonder him are gone before,
And leaves him now at Death's dark Prison-Door.
 Kissing his Corps, with a Farewel of Tears,
 And from that place as sad a Soul she bears
 As any Woman that the World can Name,
 She leaves the Body for the Grave to claim,
 Living but fifteen Days after his Death,
 And then thro' extream Sorrow yielded Breath.

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